



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

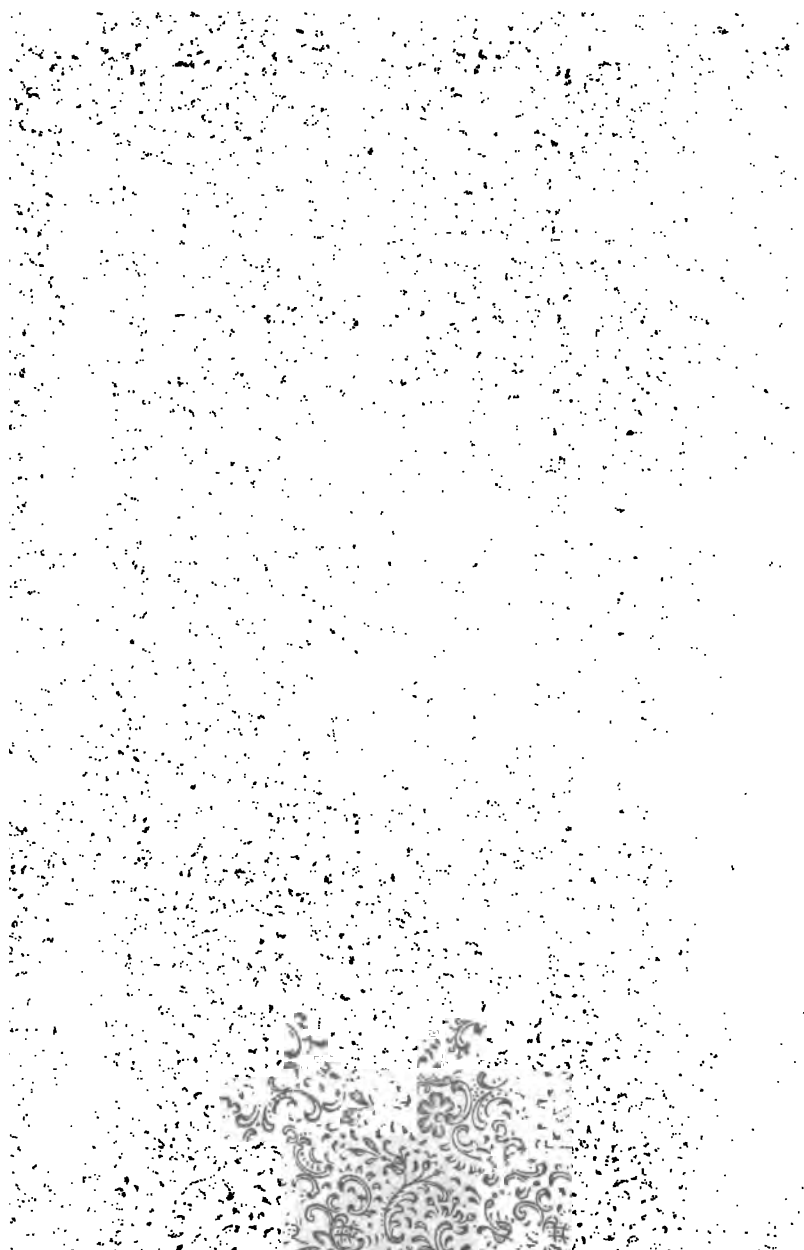
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07601335 2

"Response to The Blue Ju
And other Poems.



1181
Cont

1. Poetry, American

"Response to The Blue Juniata"

And Other Poems,

Sentimental, Historical and Religious.



By

CYRUS CORT.

Paulton, Westmoreland Co., Pa.

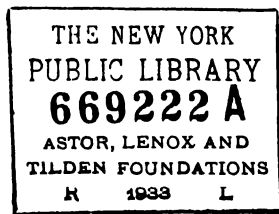
Author of "Col. Henry Bouquet and Campaigns of 1763-1764";
"School Master Enoch Brown and Scholars, Massacred by In-
dians July 26th. 1764"; "Memorial of Peter Minuit";
"Schlatter Sesquicentennial"; "Our Reformed An-
cestry"; "Digest of the General Synod of the Re-
formed Church in the United States" Etc.



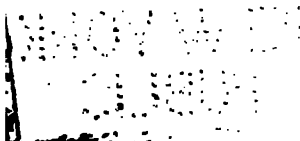
CLEVELAND, O.

Central Publishing House, 1134-1138 Pearl Street,

1902.



—
COPYRIGHTED 1902.
—



DEDICATION
TO THE
PRECIOUS MEMORY
OF
BEATRICE BYERLY, NEE GULDIN.

Who escaped Pontiac's Confederates and bore her tender babes through the wilderness from Bushy Run to Fort Ligonier in 1763; who with the help of Mrs. Harmon organized and conducted a Sunday School at Fort Walthour in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, during the dark and dangerous days of the Revolution; and who was a blessing to hundreds of pioneer settlers by her deeds of Christian charity and patriotic devotion during a long and eventful life, this little volume is dedicated by one of her grateful descendants

"THOUGH HEAVEN ALONE RECORDS THE TEAR
AND FAME SHALL NEVER KNOW HER STORY,
HER HEART HATH SHED A DROP AS DEAR
AS ERE BEDEWED THE FIELD OF GLORY."



PREFACE.

This little volume has been prepared mainly for circulation among friends and relatives of the author. It contains reliable family traditions, running back to Provincial days, which they feel ought to be preserved in permanent form. Important historical events, of interest to the general reader, have also been emphasized, which had almost been engulfed in the waves of oblivion. A grateful sense of filial piety and patriotic obligation have constrained the author to recount the heroic deeds of pioneers who helped to lay the foundations of Church and State in the Western wilderness amid savage beasts and savage men. These records are of lasting interest especially to the numerous descendants of Andrew Byerly and his faithful wife, Beatrice Guldin, who first located, under the auspices of Col. Bouquet, on the banks of Bushy Run, to provide a relay station for express riders in their perilous trips between Fort Ligonier and Fort Pitt in provincial times.

Other poems of a sentimental and religious character, on a variety of topics, have been added. Their composition was a pleasant pastime amid sterner duties of ministerial service. The author hopes that they will not be without pleasure and profit to the indulgent reader.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

No.	PAGE.
1. "Response to The Blue Juniata".....	1
2. The Flight of the Byerly Family.....	4
3. The Massacre of Schoolmaster Enoch Brown.....	13
4. Bedford Musings... ..	17
5. Bouquet's Grave.....	20
6. The Sesqui Centennial of Michael Schlatter.....	22
7. They have called me back from the Golden Gates.....	27
8. Echoes from Pen-Mar.....	30
9. Irwin Academy Reminiscences.....	35
10. Returning Home from College.....	37
11. New Year's Address.....	38
12. The Shenandoah River and Valley. 1862-1888.....	44
13. Triennial Greeting of the Goethean Literary Society.	49
14. "Genestho Phos".....	56
15. Our little Mary and the Star.....	66
16. Mary! Mary!.....	70
17. The Two October Funerals.....	71
18. The Ides of March.....	74
19. My Fiftieth Birthday.....	78
20. On the Twentieth Birthday of Agnes.....	82
21. Golden Wedding of Elder Simon Cort and Wife	83
22. A Golden Wedding Ode. Hon. Daniel Cort and wife.	85
23. The Silver Wedding of Elder Abner Cort and wife...	88
24. Uncle John Duncan's Birthday.....	90
25. Santa Claus to P. and A.....	91
26. Christmas 1891.....	92
27. Christmas Carol 1888.....	93
28. Christmas Carol 1889.....	95

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

(CONTINUED.)

No.		Page.
29.	Opening Hymn.....	97
30.	Christ Stilling the Tempest.....	98
31.	Palm Sunday and Ascension.....	100
32.	Farewell to Scott.....	102
33.	That Vision of Peace.....	104
34.	Compensation.....	106
35.	Trusting in the Lord..	108

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Alfarata.....	1
On The Blue Juniata.....	3
Kukyuskung.....	5
Two Monuments over the grave and site of the School House, where Master Enoch Brown and Scholars were massacred. July 26. 1764.....	15. 16
Col. Henry Bouquet.....	20
Michael Schlatter.....	23
Dr. H. Harbaugh.....	28
Dr. C. Cort.....	80

APPENDIX.

Note A. On Response to The Blue Juniata.....	109
Note B. On The Flight of The Byerlys 1763.....	111
Note C. The Massacre of Enoch Brown and Scholars.....	113
Note D. Bouquet's Grave.....	114
Note E. Michael Schlatter.....	115
Note F. The Shenandoah 1862-1888.....	115
Note G. Dr. Henry Harbaugh's Last Words.....	116

A RESPONSE TO THE "BLUE JUNIATA."*)



THE Indian girl has ceased
to rove
Along the winding
river ;

The warrior Brave that won
her love,
Is gone, with bow and
quiver.

The valley rears another
race,
Where flows the Juniata ;
There maidens rove, with paler
face
Than that of Alfarata.

Where pine trees moan her re-
quiem wail,
And blue waves too are knell-
ing,
Through mountain gorge and fertile
vale,
A louder note is swelling.

A hundred years have rolled around,
The Red man has departed,

*) See Appendix Note A.

The hills give back a wilder sound
Than warrior's whoop e'er started.

With piercing neigh, the iron steed
Now sweeps along the waters,
And bears, with more than wild-deer speed,
The white man's sons and daughters.

The products, too, of every clime
Are borne along the river;
Where roved the Brave, in olden time,
With naught but bow and quiver.

And swifter than the arrow's flight,
From trusty bow and quiver,
The messages of love and light
Now speed along the river.

The engine and the telegraph
Have wrought some wondrous changes
Since rang the Indian maiden's laugh
Among the mountain ranges.

'Tis grand to see what art hath done,
The world is surely wiser
What triumphs white man's skill has won
With steam, the civilizer.

But, still, methinks, I'd rather hear
The song of Alfarata —

Had rather chase the fallow deer
Along the Juniata.

For fondly now my heart esteems
This Indian song and story;
Yea, grander far old nature seems,
Than art in all its glory.

Still flows in peace, as erst in war,
The lovely Juniata,
From mountain top to sea afar,
The stream of Alfarata.

And sailing down the stream of time,
The great historic river,
My heart would ring a gladsome chime
To gladden hearts forever.

With songs of peace all hearts be
stirred

Our daily toil to sweeten,
No more let wars' rude blast be
heard,

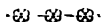
But swords
to plough-
shares beat-
en.



Roll on, thou classic Keystone' stream,
 Thou peerless little river,
 Fulfill the poet's brightest dream,
 And be a joy forever.

As generations come and go,
 Each one their part repeating,
 Thy waters keep their constant flow,
 Still down to ocean fleeting.

And while thy blue waves seek the sea,
 Thou lovely Juniata,
 Surpassing sweet thy name shall be,
 For sake of Alfarata.



THE FLIGHT OF THE BYERLY FAMILY.

*From Bushy Run to Fort Ligonier During the
 Pontiac War 1763.*

THE BATTLE — AND WELCOME TO BOUQUET.

Written in Response to Questions of my Little Boy.

COME here, my boy, and I will tell
 Of dreadful things that once befell
 Great-great-forebear in days of yore,
 When Britain ruled Columbia's shore.
 Now listen sharp and you shall hear
 How Byerlys fled to Ligonier.

See Note B. Appendix.



From lake to mountain savage hosts
The greatest Chief in border strife
Had dug up tomahawk and knife
And woman frail and little child
Are forced to fly through forests wild.

Assailed the British frontier posts;
The Western chief with panther call
Had marshalled Indian warriors all
To shout the fierce and dire refrain,
"The pale face tribe must all be slain."

Great-great-grand sire, with trusty gun,
Had left his home on Bushy run,
On mission sad, to bury dead,
When others had for safety fled.

Alone with babe and children small
His wife was shocked by midnight call;
An Indian friend from up the vale,
Had come to tell a fearful tale
Of savage slaughter on frontier
And she must flee to Ligonier.

"Up, up, and flee this very night
Or you shall die at morning light;
The woods are full of savage bands.
They come at Pontiac's commands,
To drive the British to the sea,
Up, woman, up, at once and flee."

No urging needs our great forebear,
Her heart repeats a silent prayer,
"Come, children, up! and quickly dress,
Through long and dreary wilderness

We'll haste without a moment's stay
Up, get the horse without delay."

Alas, the shock, the dreadful shock!
This summons gave that little flock;
No time to gather household goods
When bloody Indians fill the woods.

She wrote upon the cabin door,
"We've left for Ligonier," no more;
To guide her man when he came back
To follow swiftly on their track.

The mother quickly mounts the steed.
There was but one, that hour of need;
A tender babe, but three days old,
Within her arms she doth enfold;
Another child doth snugly tack
With gentle fastenings to her back.
"Now, Michael, boy, your brother take,
And help along poor little Jake;
His foot is lame, with bad stone-bruise,
He cannot wear his little shoes."

Behold the child! my great-grand sire;
Along he limps and dare not tire;

A three-year-old, by brother led,
As through the wilds the Byerlys fled.
That child was just as old as you;
(To think of Indians chasing Hugh!)
“O, mother, dear! the cows we’ll need,
Two babies now you have to feed,”
The children cry: “Bring them along,”
The mother said, “If you are strong
Enough to stand the toil and strain,
But haste or we shall all be slain.”

For weary hours they strive and pine,
In vain, to save the stubborn kine.
“Your lives are dearer far than they;
Just let them go; we’ll haste away;
Come, boys! we have no time to lose
With Jacob and his sore stone-bruise,
Yes, let them go, come children, dear,
For we must haste to Ligonier.”

All day beneath the blazing sun
They speed their way from Bushy Run;
The limping boy, weary and worn,
Betimes on Michael’s back is borne.
He almost reached the century line,
He died when ninety years and nine;
But ne’er from mem’ry passed away
The scenes that marked that dreadful day.
As soldier boy, in Border strife,
He slew a chief that sought his life,

Got sweet revenge for all the woes
Endured, as child, from savage foes.

But on, we must, and not digress
When savage fiends around us press.
Along the Loyalhannah's side
While struggling still at eventide
Their hearts are chilled by Indian yell
Resounding up the gloomy dell.
"Oh Lord, have mercy! hear our prayer,"
The mother cries, in dire despair;
The fort, they seek, is miles away.
But, just as night succeeds to day,
Thank God! relief was near at hand,
The father joins the strug'ling band.
He came, in hour of direst need,
And now they flee with greater speed.
The stockade reached, they pass within
Amid the warwhoops' dreadful din;
The Indian bloodhounds on their trail
Now rage to see their efforts fail,
Full thirty miles, in hot pursuit,
They followed Byerly on that route.
They fire their guns, in furious hate,
To see him pass within the gate,
With wife and all his children dear,
Now safe within Fort Ligonier.
The bullets rattle on the wall,
But they are safe from savage thrall.

The Indian hordes, in fierce array,
Besiege the Fort until Bouquet
Came marching o'er the mountains high
With Highland troops in hot July.
That was a glad and joyous day
When bagpipe sounded far away.
"The Campbells come, are coming now,
Adown the mountains rugged brow,
Cheer up, thou weary Pioneer!
We come to save Fort Ligonier."
"Oh welcome! German-Swiss and Scot,
Most needful help you bravely brought,
You all are gladly welcome here
Within the walls of Ligonier."
"To chase your foes and set you free,
From Indian snares, right glad are we;
But we must on and cannot stay,"
Replied the brave and good Bouquet;
"A harder task awaits us yet,
Much work for ball and bayonet;
In tranquil ease we dare not sit
While Indians rage around Fort Pitt."
Brief rest and on they speed again,
With lowing herd and pack-horse train,
Until in sight of Bushy Run
The bloody battle is begun.
Two days the hero bravely fought
With German-Swiss and Highland Scot

Against the hordes of Pontiac
Who vainly strove to drive him back.
As firm as native Alpine Rock,
Bouquet withstood the battle shock
When savage fiends from every dell
Sent up the battle cry of hell.
Just when they thought they'd won the day
He hurled them back, in wild dismay;
They fiercely charge, but see! they reel
Before the hedge of Highland steel,
For, Guyasuthas' fierce advance
He meets, as with an avalanche.

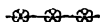
Then Kukyusking, blackguard vile,
And Wolf were caught by warlike wile,
To stir up strife, bad chiefs were they,
They got their due that fatal day;
Their lifeblood flowed and freely wet
The thirsty Highland bayonet.
The Grahams and the Campbell clan,
With McIntosh, were in the van,
And crimsoned well Westmoreland soil,
Amid the din and battle moil.
Lieutenant Dow, three Indians slew,
Before they shot him through and through;
But Major Campbell and Bouquet
Remained unscathed throughout the fray.
For first of all the day to save,
Kind Heaven spared the leaders brave.

Thus Bouquet fought and bravely won
The bloody fight of Bushy Run;
He stood, as Swiss with Winkleried,
"They would not fly, they dare not yield,"
And Byerly, on that awful day
Stood by him in the thickest fray;
He served as Aid amid the fight
And helped poor wounded souls at night;
In woolen hat he water brought
At risk of life to Swiss and Scot —
And thus they fought and thus they bled,
Then buried all their gallant dead;
One-fourth of all the valiant band
Had fallen at Duty's stern command.
Ah! who can tell the border woes
Amid those cruel savage foes?

A needed rest by shady brook
At Bushy Run the army took,
Then off to Alleghany's banks
They sadly marched with thinner ranks.
With pack-horse flour and living beef
They brought Fort Pitt a grand relief.
There Bouquet's friend, in chief command,
The brave Ecuyer of Switzerland,
Repelled the frequent, fierce attack
Of hordes in league with Pontiac.
And now his men, in glad array,
Shout Welcome! Welcome! to Bouquet.

Ye who reside in tranquil ease
 Amid the scenes of prosperous peace,
 Where once was heard the savage yell,
 From every hill and every dell;
 Thou race of German-Swiss and Scot,
 Whose sires here met of yore and fought
 The savage host and bravely won
 The gory fight of Bushy Run,
 Forget not 'mid the flight of years
 The toils and trials of Pioneers.

March 5, 1901.



THE MASSACRE OF SCHOOLMASTER ENOCH BROWN AND TEN SCHOLARS.

July 26, 1764.

WITH anguish sore and bitter woe,
 The hearts of Konoshick* are wrung,
 Alas! the cruel Indian foe
 Has slain the tender and the young.

As Rachel wept in Judah's land
 O'er infants slain by tyrant king,
 So Antrim wails her martyr band,
 Her homes with lamentations ring.

See Note C Appendix.

*One of the old ways of spelling Conococheague.

As heroes fall, at duty's post,
So fell the master and his school,
A sacrifice, a holocaust,
To border life and Quaker rule.

The place is holy where they died,
In Christian faith and childhood pure,
And where they laid them side by side,
In common grave and sepulture.

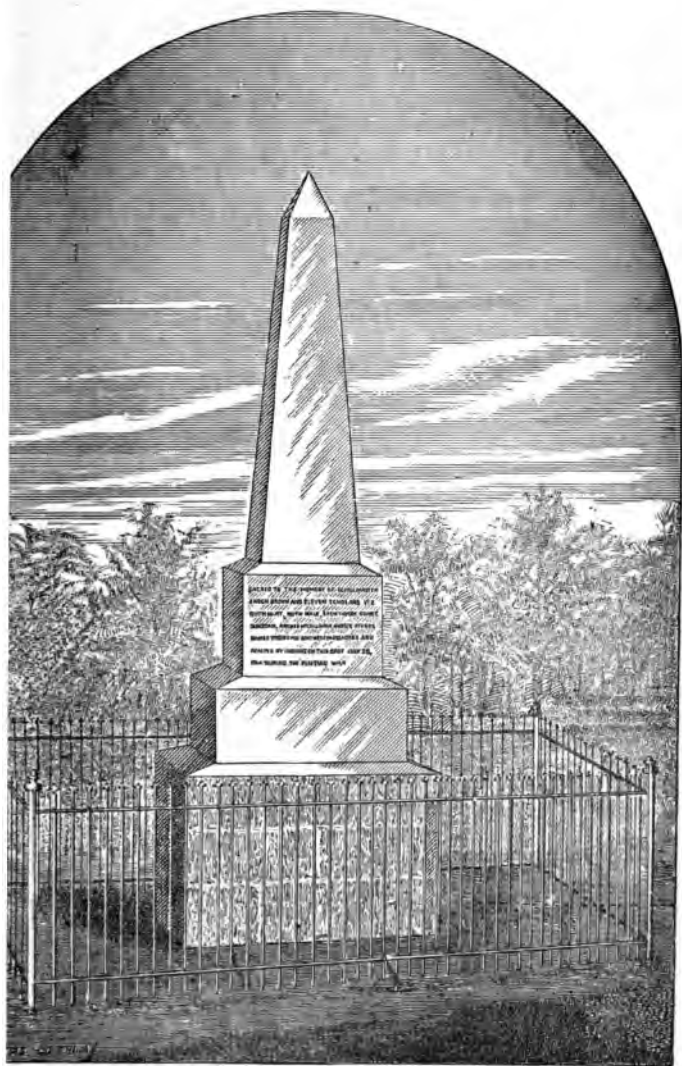
And ye, who now in safety dwell,
In Cumberland's enchanting vale,
Revere the spot and mark it well,
Where long was heard the mother's wail.

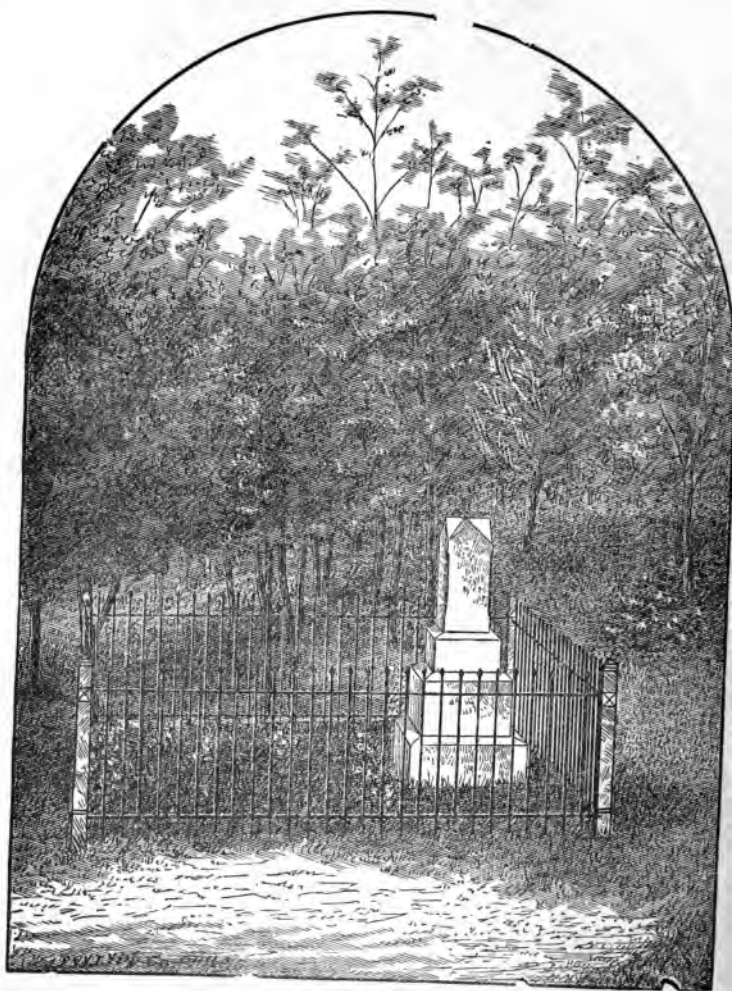
For not in vain the martyrs die,
Their death brings life to pioneers,
Who gain the burden of their cry,
Relief denied in former years.

Bouquet has sought the tiger's lair
With trusty lion-hearted men;
Kind Heaven grants the settlers' prayer,
The Dove of Peace returns again —

The tomahawk and scalping knife,
Long red with Anglo-Saxon gore,
The symbols dire of savage strife,
Are seen on Antrim's hills no more.

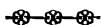
The ground is holy where they fell
And where their mingled ashes lie,





Ye Christian people mark it well
With granite column strong and high.

And cherish well, forevermore,
The storied wealth of early years,
The sacred legacies of yore,
The toils and trials of pioneers.



BEDFORD MUSINGS.

Written in the Autumn of 1893.

I sit me down to muse anon
In ancient Bedford borough
With mingled thoughts I dwell upon
Its days of joy and sorrow.

Here Washington and brave Bouquet,
With Forbes, the lion-hearted,
Through forests wild to hew a way,
Across the mountains started.

To drive the French from Fort Duquesne
And quell the sad disorders;
The chieftains led a grand campaign
To far-off frontier borders.

In Fifty-Five, with pomp and dash,
The Anglo-Saxon forces

Had gone, with chieftain bold and rash,
To wrest the Ohio's sources.

Monongahela's wooded shore
Beheld the dire disaster,
When Braddock's sun went down in gore
And woes came thick and faster.

As leaps the bolt from thunder cloud,
The giant oak to shiver,
So rang the warwhoop fierce and loud
Along the Keystone river.

The tomahawk and scalping knife
Grew drunk o'er Braddock's blunder
And border homes were daily rife
With scenes of savage plunder.

With Washington the Swiss and Scot
Led forth their conquering legions.
Where Britons rash had vainly fought
In Western forest regions.

All hail the band of triple chiefs
Who left Old Bedford Station
And quickly ended border griefs
That long had cursed our nation.

The German-Swiss and Highland Scot,
With brave Bouquet as colonel,

Marched forth in Sixty-Three and fought
The savage fiends infernal.

On old Westmoreland's woody height
Was heard the din and rattle
Of that the fiercest Indian fight
In days of frontier battle.

Ah! well for Anglo-Saxon fame
They made heroic rally
And rescued from its woes and shame
The Mississippi Valley.

Full well I tune my grateful lyre
To ancient song and story,
For here was born my great-grand sire
In days of Britain's glory.

And here, since palmy days of yore,
Columbia's sons and daughters
Have come to lay up health in store
By quaffing healing waters.

And often past the midnight hour
Went on the merry dances
While Cupid wrought with subtle power
Amid fond lovers' glances.

While maiden gay and dandy dude
Put on their sham pretences,

The politicians sharp and shrewd
Built up their party fences.

Flow on in sweet and sure renown,
Ye blessed, healing fountains;
Still sentinel, the dear old town,
Ye forest-crested mountains!

Dispense your goodness well abroad,
Impart your precious leaven,
Ye churches of the living God,
With spires that point to heaven!

My song is sung, and now I end
My lightly mingled story,
Where grace and nature sweetly blend
'Mid scenes of Autumn glory.



BOUQUETS GRAVE.

Written in Iowa, Nov. 19, 1880.

HE sleeps in an unknown grave,
In a far away land
By the South Sea strand,
Bouquet sleeps the sleep of the brave.

Sleep on, Oh son of the free!
Where the blood of the Scot,



Henry Bouquet



From the field where you fought,
Ran down to the boundless sea.

Ah! was it not grandly meet
That the gallant Bouquet,
In that land far away,
Should lie where the surges beat.

Oh sea! be an urn for the men
And a requiem bell
For the hero who fell
Till the Muse shall be grateful again.

Alas! 'tis burning shame
That the Keystone State
Should be tardy or late
To cherish the Switzer's fame.

Redeemed were your woody hills
By the Swiss and the Scot;
Let them ne'er be forgot
While valor the bosom thrills.

Awake! ye sons of the North!
And the deeds of these men
Clasp to you hearts again,
And fondly cherish their worth.

Oh, land of the brave and free!
Bright as the noonday sun,
Long as your streams shall run,
Let the fame of the Switzer be.

THE SESQUI CENTENNIAL OF MICHAEL SCHLATTER.

The Pioneer Organizer of the Reformed Church in the United States, and Chaplain of the Royal American Regiment of Col. Henry Bouquet.

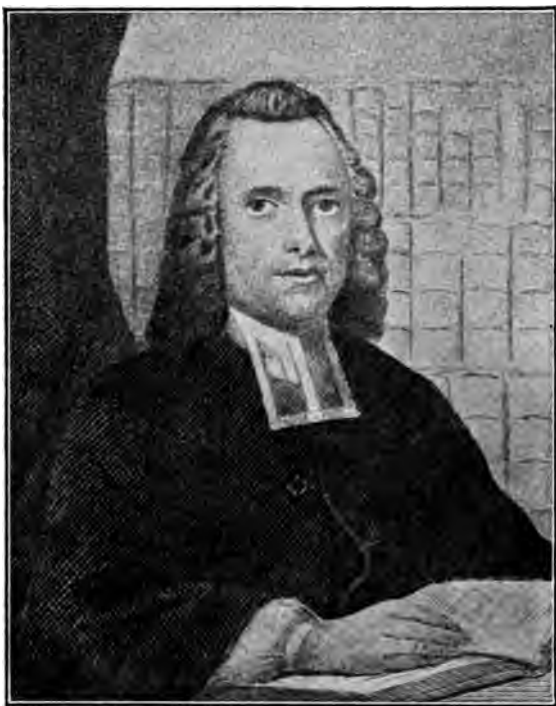
THE Switzer loves his native land
And pines away on foreign strand,
Where Alpine cliffs and Edelweiss
No longer greet his yearning eyes.

More precious far than sunny climes
He loves the shepherds' plaintive chimes,
Resounding down the rocky way,
When sinks the sun at close of day.

The home of Tell and Winkleried
Is dearer far with freedom's meed
Than gayest halls of regal court
Where virtue's crown becomes a sport.

In this brave land our Schlatter dwelt,
Beside his mother often knelt,
The dame of Zollikoffer stock,
With faith as firm as Alpine rock.

The bracing air, the mountain stream,
The chamois leap, the eagle scream,
Can fire a spirit true and bold
To prize sweet freedom more than gold.



Michael Schlatter V.D.M.

From the Steel Engraving made in 1847.

But stronger than his Alpine home
The call of needy souls has come
Across the rough Atlantic wave,
A Macedonia call to save —

The German Swiss and Palatine,
Who left their Alps and native Rhine,
With children dear and loving wife,
Now beg from him the Bread of Life.

He heeds from western wilds the call,
He gives up home and friends and all,
Responds to duty's earnest plea
And sails across the stormy sea.

He bears the messages of grace
To souls amid the wilderness,
The scattered sheep, far gone astray,
He gathers in by night and day;

Builds up our Reformation fold
Mid toils and trials manifold;
In face of danger and of death
He points them to the martyr faith;

The faith so often sealed with blood
In Fatherlands beyond the flood,
Where lowers the Alpine avalanche,
Where smile the sunny fields of France,

The vine-clad hills of Germany,
And Holland dykes keep back the sea;

The faith more precious far than gold,
The faith our fathers loved of old.

He drives away the midnight gloom,
The wilderness is made to bloom;
Where e'er our faithful Schlatter goes
The desert blossoms as the rose.

How oft amid the woods of Penn
He sought the dying souls of men?
Oft too on Jersey's sandy shore
And oft in realms of Baltimore;

And farther still he hears their cries
Where speeds the "Daughter of the Skies,"*
Where Shenandoah seeks the sea,
Our Schlatter makes his gospel plea.

In vain against our pioneer
Their lofty peaks the mountains rear,
Their rushing waves the rivers spread,
He breaks for all the living Bread.

A chaplain bold, of German Swiss,
He often trod the wilderness
Where savage hordes in fierce array
Withstood the brave and good Bouquet.

* Shenandoah means "Daughter of the Skies" in the Indian tongue.

When hireling troops were rudely sent
By British king and Parliament
To stifle freedom's holy cause,
In spite of Anglo-Saxon laws,

Our Schlatter left the chaplain's post,
Refused to help the British host,
Was thrust behind the prison bar,
Became a martyr in the war.

True culture found in him a friend,
The Anglo-German race to blend;
He strove foundations broad to lay
Of Church and State in freedom's day.

Thrice fifty years their circuit made
Since Schlatter deep foundations laid;
And bravely stood at duty's post
And led our sacramental host.

The scenes of earth no longer trod,
He rests in peace, at home with God,
The trump of jubilee we hear
In honor of our pioneer.

How best embalm his sacred name,
How give him everlasting fame?
Complete the work that he begun
Before your earthly course is run;

Go emulate his ardent zeal,
 Do all you can for Zion's weal,
 Build up anew her broken wall
 And sound abroad the gospel call.



“THEY HAVE CALLED ME BACK FROM THE GOLDEN GATES.”

Words of Rev. Dr. Henry Harbaugh shortly before
 his decease 1868.

THEY have called me back from the
 golden gates,
 From the verge of my heavenly home;
 Like a bird imprisoned my spirit waits,
 Till the hour of release shall come.

I had almost joined the white-robed band,
 In the realms of eternal bliss;
 I had well-nigh entered the better land,
 And now must I linger in this?

Oh I caught a glimpse of the crystal stream
 And I heard the blest anthems roll;
 But you say, 'tis only a pleasant dream
 Of my weary and home-sick soul.

It soon shall be more than a dream, O friends!
 I shall enter the land of rest;

See Note D, Appendix.



H. Haubangh

As the sun at even in glory descends
To its bed, in the golden West.

And it came to pass as the good man said,
When the Saturday eve came on,
And the sun went down to its golden bed,
He departed — his work was done.

Nevermore he'll come from the golden gates,
At the call of the loved below ;
In the land of glory his spirit waits,
And he beckons them heavenward too.

Now he knows the part of the sainted dead.
When their works shall have followed them ;
What the Seer of Patmos in vision said
Of the upper Jerusalem.

Oh! he looks not darkly, as once he did,
At the city of God on high ;
For the Lamb, whose blood was so freely shed,
Hath unveiled the spirit's eye.

And he feels no sting of remaining sin,
Since he passed from beneath the rod ;
For he drinks the rivers of pleasure in,
As they flow from the throne of God.

He has fought the fight, and the battle won —
Oh! the scenes that his eyes behold,

Where he needs no light of the moon or sun,
 Since he entered the gates of gold.

And he calls us up to the golden gates,—
 To the rest of our Heavenly Home;
 As a bird imprisoned, our spirit waits,
 Till the hour of release shall come.



ECHOES FROM PEN-MAR.

Reformed Re-Union, July 19, 1894.

WHERE Maryland and Pennsylvania join
 Along the famous Mason-Dixon line,
 Where lands of Baltimore and William
 Penn

Unite in wooded mount and shady glen,
 I stand upon the lofty signal rock
 To view the waving corn and wheaten shock,
 Which paint the changing landscapes bright and
 bold

With countless shades of beauteous green and
 gold.

Proud Cumberland, a valley rich and rare,
 In gallant men and women pure and fair,
 Spreads far and near her bounteous harvest
 stores.

Enough for home and food for foreign shores,
In massive mansions, built of native stone,
A hardy race has bravely held its own;
The German-Swiss from far-off Fatherland
And Irish-Scotch from Erin's verdant strand
Have met and mingled sanguinary strains,
Have blended blood, the best in human veins.
These kindred currents noble souls inspire
With rural virtues and with patriot fire.
A frugal and heroic race we hail,
Amidst old Cumberland's enchanting vale.

But hark! I hear the sound of rushing trains,
The mountains echo with inspiring strains,
A mighty host of people, near and far,
Have met to crown thy rocky heights, Pen-Mar!
Now sound the trump of grateful jubilee!
Now swell the anthem of the noble free!
Teutonic tribes with bosoms pure and warm
From mountain, valley, city, town and farm,
Now raise on high your hearts in sacred song,
Exultant join the chorus sweet and strong.
Ye thousands, tens of thousands, gladly raise
Your hearts and voices in Jehovah's praise!
Yea, praise the God our fathers served of yore!
To worship Him they left their native shore,
They left the Alps, the vine-clad hills of Rhine
To build in desert lands a better shrine.

What German heart but swells with honest
pride

To think of Him who down this mountain side
Was born and bred, a son of frugal toil,
Our Harbaugh, native of the Keystone soil!
His soul inflamed with true poetic fire
Here found the themes for his ecstatic lyre.
Yon winding brook that seeks the distant sea,
Where stood the school house and the oaken
tree,

That limestone mansion on the homestead farm,
The porch where mother's tears fell fast and
warm

To see him leave the loved parental nest
To seek his fortune in the seething West,
The hearth, the bedroom, each familiar spot
In that dear home can never be forgot.

He tuned his harp that each and all might learn,
In words that breathe and thoughts that deeply
burn,

The sterling worth of sweet domestic life,
Far from the envious world's consuming strife.
The themes were lowly, but the strains rose
high,

As sings the lark, they rose from earth to sky.
His spirit soared above the haunts of men,
He yearned to pass the reach of mortal ken
From rural mansion to the Heavenly Home,

Where pleasures never sate nor sorrows come.
 While lives the Pennsylvania German tongue,
 The speech of honest folk from whom he
 sprung,

Yea, while in dear old German Fatherland
 The vine-clad Rhine shall seek the ocean strand,
 Or while the sun shall make its daily round,
 No sweeter strains than Harbaugh's harp shall
 sound.

The Prophet's School at foot of yonder mount
 He sought and drank as from a living fount
 The Christocentric thought, (inspiring quaff!)
 The sacred lore of Nevin and of Schaff —
 Of Nevin, whom he fondly loved to call
 "The Grand Old Man, the Father of us all."
 In later years we see the ardent youth,
 The foe of wrong and friend of hallowed truth,
 With honor crowned, himself ascend the seat,
 Of master, where he sat at Nevin's feet.
 Full well he strove with burning heart and brain
 The guides of sacramental hosts to train —
 Untimely Death, alas! usurped the throne,
 With icy fingers claimed him as his own.
 His yearning soul we sought in vain to hold,
 In vain we called him from the Gates of Gold;
 Mid grander scenes than mortal ever trod
 His spirit rests in peace at home with God.

Ye children of the Reformation sires,
Keep bright in bosoms pure the martyr fires
That flamed with zeal the great heroic band
Who sealed their faith with blood in Fatherland.
Our Zion holds the Apostolic Creed,
The purest, best, for every human need.
For freedom and the chartered rights of man
Her valiant sons have ever led the van.
No better blood can tingle human veins
Than what our fathers shed on Europe's plains.
Columbia's soil may nurture well afford
To those whose fathers feared and served the
Lord

And fought for Liberty on every shore
In Church and State in trying days of yore.
Oh! prize the institutions that enshrine
The principles so dear on Alps and Rhine.
The rights of conscience cherish evermore
So dear to founders Penn and Baltimore.
Ye heirs of saints and martyrs, jubilate,
Till rings the welkin of the Keystone State!
Awake the forest, field and mountain glen
Where join the lands of Baltimore and Penn!



IRWIN ACADEMY REMENIS- CENCES.

In Response to A Request from Sadie G.

OUR Academy days come back again
As a sparkling spring on a desert plain,
As a balmy breeze to you and to me,
From a shady isle on a torrid sea.

If the Muses would give me their aid
I would write a poem for you, Sade,
With a stirring thought in every line
On the gladsome scenes of Auld Lang Syne.

I'd celebrate each lovely maid,
Embalm the name of little Sade,
Do justice to Beacom and Gill
Had I the poet's plastic skill.

Miss Black and Miss Boyd I liked very well,
Yet if the truth I was ordered to tell,
Though Miss Blair and Miss Shaw were sensi-
ble, too,

I would say my favorite was certainly you.

It is true we didn't very often agree,
But our disagreement, 'twas easy to see,
On political topics and things of that kind
Came from nothing except independence of
mind.

You recollect one bright summer day
I made a joking proposal to wed,
• You hesitated what you should say
*Until the time for decision had fled.

Beg pardon, that time I fain would remark,
I had much better luck than sense
When I was acting the foolish spark
And you, dare I say, the silly dunce
For not taking me up at once.

Old Shakespeare, you know, has said
In some nice song or story
That certain tides taken at flood
Will waft us on to glory.

That offer was a tide for you,
But instead of putting on sail,
You stood till it passed from view,
Halted like the friends of Old Baal.

And now I'm an untrammelled young man,
Free as the birds that fly in the air,
Catch me, oh! Capture me if you can,
Gayly I shout to each damsel fair.

When far o'er the mountains I roam
Kind friends and dear maidens I find
Who drive away thoughts of my home
Of maidens I've left far behind.

* Two minutes time was allowed for decision.

But when in my calmest and holiest mood
 I think of my own Westmoreland afar,
 With visions of you my fancy's imbued,
 My heart, like the needle, turns to its star;
 It turns and it turns and it never will rest
 Till it turns and it points to the Star of the West.

August 1859.



RETURNING HOME FROM COLLEGE — 1860.

MY heart doth bound, as I look around
 On scenes of my youthful days,
 The honors won, 'neath an Eastern sun
 Inspire me to prayer and praise.

While friends rejoice, I list for a voice,
 The dearest and sweetest and truest of all,
 I list in vain, "My loss is his gain,"
 My Benton has answered a heavenly call.

His form lies still, on the orchard hill,
 Along with the brother who went before,
 Where zephyrs play, at the close of day,
 Their spirits now bask on the blissful shore.

How good is God, who led me abroad,
 From toils on Old Eden Farm;
 Who brought me back over honor's track
 And shielded me safe from harm?

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

For the Carrier of the Mercersburg Journal. Written at his very earnest entreaty on very short notice January 1. 1861.

KIND patrons, I wish you a happy New Year
Abounding in blessings of everything
dear

While emotions of pleasure usher the New,
May remorse for the Old be absent from you.

But in this season of gladness and joy
You scarce can forget the poor printer boy;
For your Journal he brought you in sunshine
and storm

When the weather was cold, when the weather
was warm.

Oh surely you will not, you cannot refuse
A boon to the boy who has brought you the
news.

Of the year just closed let us take a review,
It were well before we set out in the new;
For indeed 'mid the roar of the northerly blast,
It is pleasant to talk o'er the deeds of the past.

From the land of the East, from their island
home,

Far across the Pacific strange people have come

To visit our clime on a mission of peace,
The chiefs of the heathen, the queer Japanese.

And then, not many weeks since,
The Queen sent over the Prince,
Who received a loyal ovation
From our Republican nation.

But the Prince has left with his royal train.
He is with his Queenly mother again.
Merry Old England is ever so glad
O'er the success and return of the lad.
The impression he made on his trip
Was better than that of the ship.

Which humbugged New Yorkers one day
By making a jaunt to Cape May;
For once the Yankees were woefully beat;
They had no pleasure and nothing to eat.
Her stockholders will hardly make a great spec,
The Great Eastern is said to be a great wreck.

And then ere long the Presidential campaign
With noise and confusion came thundering
 amain;
No lack of gallant leaders we found
Contesting every inch of the ground,
For Douglas, Lincoln, Breckenridge, Bell,
The shouts of party loudly would swell,
But when the smoke of battle was gone

Old Abe, the great rail splitter, had won;
Since Abe is indeed a clever old soul,
I can't but wish him a prosperous rule;
With wisdom and prudence and courage, I trust,
He'll pilot us through every breaker and gust,
And after his arduous ride on a rail
I wish him a very peaceful sail.

But hark ye! What means that shriek that I
heard?

Columbia, the scream of your Guardian Bird;
Our eagle, the bird of the mountain and flood,
Affrighted, starts back from a vision of blood;
And she seizes the olive of peace with a grasp,
Imploring, she screams to the sons of her land
Oh stay! or be palsied each traitorous hand.
Remember the deeds and the sayings of yore
Nor crimson my soil with American gore.

Disunion, that demon of discord and strife,
With horrors unnumbered now threaten her life.
Oh God of our fathers, this madness restrain,
Bring peace to our country and councils again.
May we cherish the heritage left by our sires
And replenish the Temple of Liberty's fires.
May the Star Spangled Banner still peacefully
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

And may not a stripe be torn from its folds,
Nor a star erased from the place that it holds,
But in union forever triumphantly wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

May the counsels of Washington, Jackson and
Clay,
Of our Webster and patriots dreading this day,
Be obeyed as they sound from the depths of the
tomb,
In behalf of the Union enshrouded in gloom.

By our flag and our Union we ever must stand
And rejoice if we fall for our dear native land.

* * * *

Keystone of the arch all are looking to thee,
Stand firm as thy mountains from the lake to the
sea.

Thou State of our home and our birth,
Uniting the South and the North,
Stand firm for your own and humanity's sake.
The waves of disunion against you shall break
And turn with hope and peace in their train,
As thunder storms break in blessings of rain.
With granite base and iron crown,
Oh beat the fearful surges down.
Your fame for peace and order keep.
Pour oil upon the troubled deep.

Besides the bountiful gifts of the soil,
Our State has opened her fountains of oil;
Pike's Peak reveals her treasures of gold,
Far richer than those in Ophir of old.
And now that the favors of Heaven
So kindly and freely were given,
Since our fields and our mines gave abundant
increase,
Let us grateful, enjoy the blessings of peace.

Let us turn to the land of story and song,
Where Italians endured so much and so long,
From a monster of kings oppression and wrong,
Garibaldi, the pure and the brave,
Has restored to his freedom the slave,
Has enlivened the gloom of the grave:
"Italia for Italians," in triumph he cries,
He bids her to freedom and glory arise;
No clime is more lovely and brighter no skies;
The gifted of nations flock to her school,
Then why should Italians suffer to rule
A Bourbon or Hapsburg tyrant or fool?

I wanted to tell of the English and French
Who strive from the Chinese dominion to
wrench
And force opium, instead of civilization,
With sword and with flame on that barbarous
nation;

How the zeal of the Turk has hastened **his**
doom,

While it shrouded the Syrian mountains with
gloom;

But now, kind patrons, I'll wind up my song,
I fear I have claimed your attention too long;

But ere I cease I compliment each dear

Who took advantage of Bissextilę year,

To choose a worthy and gallant mate,

And put an end to her single state.

To a man you favored the union, I guess.

You have righted your wrongs and obtained a
redress.

When I endeavor to compliment those,

Who have neglected the bargain to close

And failed to capture their beaux,

My poetry turns into prose.

They receive and deserve no compassion at all,

For 'tis awful to think of a Bachelor's Hall.

Again I wish you a happy New Year,

Well stored with blessings of everything dear,

For my song you may give me **whatever** you're
willing.

If you have no quarter I'm content with a shil-
ling.

CARRIER BOY.

THE SHENANDOAH RIVER AND
VALLEY AS IT WAS IN
1862 and 1888.

THROUGH Shenandoah's vale I roam,
But often to my view,
There rises from her mountain home
My darling, brown-eyed Sue.

But brief, too brief, the vision lasts,
The eagle frights the dove,
And war dispels with cruel blasts
All scenes of peaceful love.

Fair Shenandoah ne'er had rung
With rude alarm of wars;
With joy her song of peace was sung
Bright " *Daughter of the stars."

At length the Fiend of war arose
And fired the Southern heart,
And now, where 'ere her current flows,
The martial echoes start.

Their graceful boughs the willows droop
And join the stars above
That nightly come in festive troop
To kiss the child they love.

*) "Shenandoah" means "Daughter of the Stars" in the Indian tongue.

The child of Heav'n, whose limpid flood
 Reflects the starry vault,
 Is stained alas! with brother's blood,
 Struck down in fierce assault.

Where Muhlenburg threw off his gown
 And stood in war's array,
 To fight against the British crown
 In Freedom's early day,

The men who scorned secessions' plea
 Accept her ordinance;
 To Slavery's Baal they bow the knee
 And lead the dread advance.

The Cavalier and Puritan
 Forget the days of old;
 The "Rights of States," instead of man,
 Their blended swords uphold.

Stern Jackson leads secession's host
 And Ashby, gallant knight,
 Guards well the outer picket post
 And braves the thickest fight.

The German Swiss has left his farm
 The land in twain to rend,
 The Union suffers greatest harm
 In home of former friend.

I climb the mountain's steep ascent
Beyond the farther shore,
Like flocks of sheep the army tent
Now dots the valley o'er.

Like sheep to stay the wrath of Heav'n
And save the Nation's life,
Those men a sacrifice are given
In fratricidal strife.

You'll drive the Northmen back in vain
From old Virginia soil;
They'll come and come, and come again
Despite the blood and moil!

As soon yon stream shall change its course
And cleave this mountain wall,
As you shall rend our land by force
Or stifle freedom's call.

The mingling waters, earth and sky
Rebuke the wrongs you've done,
This union grand shall never die
Our people shall be one.

Soon may our union, strong and great,
O'ercome domestic woes;
Sail safely on, O ship of state!
In spite of all thy foes.

THE RETROSPECT

after twenty-six years when at the meeting of Potomac Synod in Woodstock, Va., 1888.

A score of years and six have flown,
Again I tread the vale
Where erst the trump of war was blown
And portents filled the gale.

The maid whose vision from afar
So often came to view
To drive away the scenes of war,
My darling, brown-eyed Sue,

I led to Hymen's holy shrine,
Since here I ceased to roam,
A faithful wife and fruitful vine
She blesses heart and home.

No more the Shenandoah rings
With rude alarm of wars,
Her song of peace with joy she sings,
Bright "Daughter of the Stars."

And still the festooned willows droop
In loving tenderness
And nightly join the starry troop
In sweet and fond caress.

Full many strug'ling brothers fell,
In bloody battle slain,
And deeds the tongue would shrink to tell
Made desolate the plain.

The Union men, the Northmen came,
You often drove them back,
At length they came, with sword and flame
And ruin in their track.

When Jackson brave, who like a rock,
Had held Manassas field,
Went down amid the battle shock,
You lost your sword and shield.

Secession's dead and slavery, too,
Has met its rightful doom;
Our flag, "the Red, the White, the Blue,"
Now waves about their tomb.

In triumph let it ever wave
O'er all our happy land,
The home of freedom, where no slave
Can wear a master's brand.

While Shenandoah seeks the sea,
Or greets her native sky,
Our people must be one and free
Our union shall not die.

TRIENNIAL GREETING OF THE
GOETHEAN LITERARY
SOCIETY

OF F. AND M. COLLEGE AT LANCASTER, Pa.,
JULY 24. 1867.

O H welcome! student brothers,
Ye all are welcome here;
Your dear old Goethean Mother
Now gives you hearty cheer.

From distant dell and mountain,
From forest, hill and plain,
She bids us all assemble
Around her board again.

Like good and faithful children
Her summons we obey,
When comes Triennial Greeting,
Our Goethe's festal day.

The Keystone and the Buckeye
Have sent their loyal sons;
The sunny land of Dixie
Her reconstructed ones.

We meet in glad reunion,
We clasp each brother's hand,
No more the cloud of battle
Enshrouds our native land.

The bow of peace and promise
Hath God set in the sky,
The Union hath not perished,
The nation shall not die.

How long in gloom and darkness
We waited for the sign?
And now it spans the heavens
With glory all divine.

Amid the din of battle,
And roll of muffled drum,
Could Goethe spread her banquet
And bid her children come?

When Janus' doors were open
And Mars held bloody sway
She could but weep in secret,
Postpone her festal day.

Seven years had run their circuit,
The Sun of peace arose,
The Fatherland was rescued
From all her mighty foes.

And now our dear old Mother
Sends greetings far and wide;
She calls her loving children
With joy and honest pride.

As pilgrims flock to Mecca
And worship at their shrine,
We hie to Alma Mater
With feelings near divine.

We love the dear old College
With true and loyal heart;
But fonder mem'ries truly
Bid Goethean pulses start.

Amid the shades so classic
We linger as of yore,
In College rooms and campus,
But love our Goethe more.

Her greeting wakes an echo
That charms the dullest ears,
No Goethean then will falter,
The bugle call he hears.

'Tis this that made us sunder
The strongest ties that bind;
Our homes and wives and babies
Have all been left behind.

Pardon now my limping measure,
Put a brake upon your palates,
Well I know you all are waiting,

Anxious to discuss the victuals,
And do justice to the supper ;
Anxious more to hear the speeches,
Feast of soul and flow of reason,
From the doctors and the lawyers,
From the preachers and professors.

Do you ask me? Do you wonder
What's the programme of the meeting?
I will answer, I will tell you,
Sons of Goethe you shall hear it,
Hear about the honored founders
(a) From the first of all their number,
Those who laid the deep foundations
We shall hold in sweet remembrance.

(b) One shall laud the poet Goethe,
Patron saint of our profession,
Brightest star of German genius,
King of poets, King of letters.

(c) One shall praise our mode of thinking
The philosophy we cherish,
Chiefest bulwark and foundation
In the Conflict of the Ages.

(d) Then shall come a moral lesson,
College days, so gay and happy,
Days so fraught with good or evil,
When we climbed the Hill of Science,

Dug at roots of Greek and Latin,
Mounted oft our nimble ponies,
And with spur and glittering sabres,
Dashed through all the plains of Hellas,
Crossed the Rubicon and conquered
Rome in all her power and glory.

(e) How have fared, the good Alumni,
In the world's great field of battle,
Who have fought and who have fallen,
Who are great and who are greater,
One shall tell the pleasing story.

(f) Best of all, we'll hear the Doctor,
Dear old man we love and honor,
Speak his words of deepest wisdom
As a father to his children.

(g) Land of Freedom, native country,
One who bore the heat of battle
Shall rehearse your fame and glory,
Shall extol your brave defenders,
With the homage of a hero.

(h) Fatherland, beyond the Ocean,
One shall speak your growing greatness;
Spite of Pope or Gaul or Hapsburg
See the German Empire rising,
Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles.

(i) Where of yore stood Marshall College,
Where the School of Prophets lingers,
Dear old home, beside the Mountain,
One shall sound aloud your praises.

Then to cap aright the climax

(j) One shall sketch a noble structure,
And by all that's dear and holy,
Urge us onward, upward, higher.
Our philosophy is worthy
Of a grander institution,
Of a wider field and mission,
As we love it, as we prize it,
For its truth and Christ-like beauty,
Let us pledge our lives and fortunes
For its full and free advancement
In the march of human progress.

Auld Lang Syne will close the programme.
Goethean hearts and Goethean voices
Join with vim the ancient chorus,
Olden times are ne'er forgotten
In the banquet Hall of Goethe.

Now let this festal meeting
Fill Goethe's sons with joy,
Renew our youth as eagles,
Bring back again the boy.

And green shall be the mem'ry
While life itself shall last;

Our hearts will fondly cherish
The glad and golden past.

Then clasp the hand of Friendship
As erst in days gone by,
Lift up the ancient banner
And shout the battle cry.

"Genesho Phos," the symbol
That oft the battle braved,
And oe'r contending legions
In triumph proudly waved.

(And oft from Diagnothe
Our hearts were made to feel
The power of foemen worthy
Our best and truest steel.)

Ye younger sons of Goethe,
Fight well those battles o'er,
Right bravely bear that banner
In all this social war.

Maintain the ancient standard
Of Scholarship profound;
Be sure to get the Marshall
As each year rolls around.

Ne'er stoop nor cringe to conquer,
More dear than life is truth;
Keep pure the bright escutcheon
With all the fire of youth.

Thrice welcome! student brothers,
We all are welcome here,
For sake of auld acquaintance,
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear.

We'll swell the grand old chorus
Without the aid of wine;
Our hearts shall make sweet music
To Days of Auld Lang Syne.

(a) Rev. S. R. Fisher, D. D. (b) Hon. G. W. Brewer. (c) Rev. W. K. Zieber. (d) Hon. W. S. Stenger. (e) Rev. Dr. E. R. Eschbach. (f) Dr. John W. Nevin. (g) Genl. B. F. Fisher. (h) Dr. Stephen B. Kieffer. (i) Dr. E. E. Higbee.



“GENESTHO PHOS.”

Read at the Goethean Triennial Festival in Lancaster, Pa.,
June 14. 1882.

A GAIN we tread the festal hall,
Hang up the banner on the wall!
And vow to banish error's night;
“Genestho Phos”, Let there be light.

The grand old motto, let it tell!
Ring out the potent, magic spell!
The good, the beautiful and true
Shall sanctify our lives anew.

I pause to think upon the past,
Since here I met you Gœtheans last
I've roamed the prairies of the West,
Have climbed the Rockies' rugged crest ;

Full fifteen years their course have run,
Eventful days have come and gone,
Since here I met with Gœthe's boys
To share their grand triennial joys.

The cheer was great and great the throng
That sang the dear old festive song,
The song of Burns, the royal Scot,
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

Oh ! never let our hearts be dull.
Aye ! let our voices be loud and full,
To swell the chorus of the lays
That bind our hearts to other days.

We have the beards and look of men,
But now we feel like boys again ;
Again we feel the dew of youth
And let us pledge our lives to truth.

The guerdon of success we prize
If truth be not the sacrifice ;
What care we for the world's applause
Unless it be a righteous cause ?

We thank the kindly Providence
That spared so well our lives from thence,
And round old Goethe's festal board,
With viands and with victuals stored,

'Mid flow of reason, feast of soul,
We pledge our troth without the bowl;
Without the aid of beer or wine
We pledge to days of Auld Lang Syne.

Since last we met, our ship of state
Was toss'd by billows wild and great;
But peace has come, O happy day!
Sweet peace has come and come to stay.

The bloody shirt no longer winds
Around our flag of peace and glory,
The outrage mill no longer grinds
Its grist so stale and dark and gory.

God bless our own dear native land
And fill her sons with truth and honor;
No more let fraud or treason's hand
Bring peril, shame or woe upon her.

Now look across the ocean wave,
Some questions still are undecided;
Shall Turks our Christian friends enslave
Or Turkey's carcass be divided?

With greater strength than love, the Bear
Now holds the Turk in his embraces;
Of rocky Kars he makes a lair,
And hugs the Schipka mountain passes.

God help the just and speed the right
In all the lands of song and story;
May Crescent wane and Cross grow bright,
Effulgent with Messiah's glory.

In spite of Gaul or haughty Hun,
We saw the German empire rising;
To whip the French was glorious fun,
Although to France it was surprising.

The Kaiser is a grand old man,
Devoid of pomp or foolish pageant;
He matched Versailles and Vatican
With Bismarck for his trusty agent.

He'll keep the watch upon the Rhine,
With vine clad hills and all that follows;
We love thee, spite of beer and wine,
"Oh! Deutschland, Deutschland, ueber alles."

Long live the German Fatherland!
Long live the cause of Gallic freedom!
God raise a brave, true-hearted band
To guard and safely lead them!

Old Ireland is a blessed clime,
Let Johnny Bull take solemn warning;
For should she rise another time
She'll choose St. Patrick's day and morning.

That patron saint will help her through;
Of toads and snakes he cleared old Erin.
And, with the aid of Patrick, too,
She'll send him cross the channel steerin'.

On woman's rights we tune our song,
But grief breaks up its fountains,
The blessed cause has suffered wrong
Among the Rocky mountains.

In vain the gallant Susan B.,
The maid of by-gone ages,
Traversed the mountain and the lea
With other Eastern sages.

And Miss, or Mrs. Lucy Stone,
Expounded laws divine and human,
They failed, we sing it with a moan,
To franchise lovely woman.

Alas! in all the book of fate,
We find no greater slaughter;
To think the young centennial state
Should snub Columbia's daughter.

But fair Wyoming lets her vote,
Oh hie ye to her borders!
The land of sage hens and coyote
Shall heal your sad disorders.

But, jokes aside, there's fun ahead,
If men won't lead they'll sure be led;
Prepare, my lads, for changes great
In Forum, Field, in Church and State.

The times demand a president,
Who, on Reform and Freedom bent,
Shall promulgate a firm decree
To make entire equality.

No more distinctions vain of sex,
Statesman or student then shall vex
The coming man, as matters go,
Will be done up in calico.

No weaker vessel, coying maid,
Shall crave our sympathy or aid,
No better-halves humiliate
Our pride, or squander our estate.

No student then, his precious time,
Shall waste in love or silly rhyme,
But lofty thoughts all souls engage
Amid that grand Utopian age.

Deny it, if we dare or can,
The woman is the better man ;
Then why not vote and legislate,
Yea, head affairs in church and state ?

Why longer fret and foam and rage ?
'Tis thus we'll reach the golden age ;
No more we'll stand up in the cars
No longer bear the brunt of wars.

The ladies then shall equal be
In all respects with you and me ;
For they'll *bear* arms on tented field
The glittering sword with valor wield.

And we'll *bare* arms at tub and tray
When comes the female suffrage day ;
The baby nuisance ne'er shall vex
When cease distinction vain of sex.

But still I like the good old ways,
The former were the better days,
Grandmother's way, to me it seems,
Was better than these suffrage dreams.

No use the bow without the cord,
" Not good alone," thus saith the Lord,
The girls will always want their beaux
And draw boys in, as I suppose,
With silken cords, oh happy state !
Where each may find their destined mate.

Now Goethean brothers, brave and true,
Too long, I fear, I've worried you;
But ere I close my festal lays
I glance at past and future days,
A word to old, a word to young,
And then my festal song is sung.

Ye vet'rans of the hoary past!
We greet, God make it not the last;
Long flourish here your earthly house,
And blessings on your "frosty brows".

With joy we hail the grand old man*
Of sacramental hosts, the van,
He led in trying days of yore,
Sweet peace be his forevermore.

With grief we miss the honest face
Of one,** who ran his earthly race,
Who, ever true to friendship's call,
Hath often graced our festive hall.

The foe of wrong, the friend of right,
His faith is changed to blessed sight;
Our Founder now more fully knows
The meaning of Genestho Phos.

For him and all our honored dead
Sweet be the sleep and soft the bed!
For them we chant a dirge to-night,
But why? They walk the fields of light.

* Dr. I. W. Nevin. ** Dr. S. R. Fischer.

No more their cherished forms are seen,
But still we keep their mem'ry green ;
For them with green our banner glows,
They've overcome the last of foes.

Yea, bright the hope, though sharp the pain,
Our loss is their eternal gain ;
No more our festive hall they tread,
But sweet the sleep and soft the bed.

To each and all the spirit band,
Who left us for the better land,
We say the Pax Vobiscum now
And wreathe anew the laurelled brow.

We drop the past with all its tears
And turn to hopes of future years ;
When hearts are young and brave and true,
The stars are bright, the sky is blue.

Ye, who will live when we shall die,
Oh bear that banner proud and high ;
The bright escutcheon, let no stain,
No sordid love of earthly gain,
No deed that's low, or base or mean,
E'er mar the glory of its sheen.

Keep clear of demagogic toils,
Beware of bosses and their spoils,
Be strong and valiant for the right,
Keep faith and honor pure and bright.

Yea, better far than praise of men,
Be sure to keep the conscience clean,
To this your noblest powers aspire
And this should be your heart's desire.

Now heed the words another sang
When Bowdoin's hall with music rang,
Prophetic words from Eastern bard,
The "MORITURI," fate so hard!
Already dead, his harp unstrung
From which the "SALUTAMUS" rung.

The singer by th' Atlantic shore,
Shall wake its echoes nevermore.
His songs shall live while hearts shall beat;
Then hearken while I now repeat
The gist of what Longfellow sung
To lads like you, so blithe and young:

"Write on your doors the saying wise and
old,
'Be bold; Be bold! and everywhere be bold'
Be not too bold! Yet better the excess
Than the defect, better the more than less;
Better, like Hector, in the field to die
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly."

OUR LITTLE MARY AND THE STAR.

THREE moons had quickly sped away
Since baby first beheld the light;
One balmy eve, at close of day,
Her aunty clasped her with delight.

To range the church-yard green they hie,
And muse beneath the leafy tree,
When lo! a twinkling star they spy,
And Mary laughs in childish glee.

“Oh, see the child!” her aunty cries,
“What means that sweet angelic smile?
Her home is in the distant skies,
You’ll keep but a little while.”

A shadow crossed our spirit then,
A weight fell heavy on the heart;
The thought was sweet, but gave us pain,
Our darling babe may soon depart.

We thought, perchance the angel band,
That guard the young and bear them home,
When meetest for that better land,
Now wooed and beckoned her to come.

And all that pleasant summer through,
As oft we clasped our Mary dear,
And watched her eyes of azure blue,
Too good, she seemed, to tarry here.

Apace cold winter came at length;
Yet on, till merry Christmas day,
She grew in beauty and in strength,
We thought she now will surely stay.

But 'mid the scenes of sacred joy,
When chapel arches echoed long
With "Glory be to God on high,"
She seemed to catch the angel's song.

For soon her cheek began to pale,
Her little form grew weak and thin;
She neared the borders of the vale
That shuts the land of glory in.

But God, in mercy, spared her yet,
The *sunbeam* lent from heaven awhile;
Those days of bliss can we forget?
When hearts grew warm in Mary's smile.

What winter's frost had failed to do,—
To nip our tender household flower,
And quench those eyes of azure blue,—
Was now the work of summer's hour.

She pined amid the heats of June,
And near the close of hot July
The scourge* came on, and oh, how soon
We wept to see our Mary die!

All day she tossed her fevered brain,
Her tide of life was ebbing fast;
But at the midnight hour again
We hoped the peril now was past.

For sweetly slept our darling child,
All through the early morning hours,
Our hopes were high, but oh how wild!
We ne'er could keep that babe of ours.

While love her anxious vigils kept,
Ere dawn had pierced the gloomy night,
The angels took her as she slept,—
They bore her to the land of light.

Sue knelt beside her little cot,
As soul and body gently part;
“Oh Lord” (she prayed, while tears fell hot,)
“Have mercy on my stricken heart.”

The God of grace and mercy came—
He drove the shades of night away—
All glory to His blessed name,
By faith we saw a better day.

* Mary Elisabeth Cort died, of Cholera Infantum, July 22d. 1868,
after twenty-five hours' illness.

The sun arose the world to bless,
And gilded o'er the mountain top;
So rose the Sun of Righteousness,
With beams of healing and of hope.

Our Mary has but gone before,
To join the sweet, angelic band,
That wooed her from this rugged shore,
We'll meet her in the better land.

And oft, with pleasure more than pain,
We stand beneath the leafy tree,
And watch the twinkling star again,
Where Mary laughed in childish glee.

In faith and hope, we gaze beyond
The starry fields of azure blue;
The angel band with joy respond,
And darling Mary comes to view.

Though gloomy clouds may oft arise,
To veil the spirit's mystic ken,
We'll seek the fields of Paradise,
And meet for aye our Mary then.

"MARY! MARY!"

"MY heart leaps like a bird,
At sound of that sweet word,
The sweetest ever heard,
Mary! Mary!"

So sang the poet and the spell,
Or magic power, of that dear name,
Will make my heart with rapture swell,
While mem'ry fond asserts its claim.

For she, who bore, in womb and heart,
Our Lord, was called by name so meet;
And she who chose the better part
And meekly sat at Jesus' feet.

And Mary was my mother's name,
A mother, faithful, kind and true;
And when my first born daughter came
I named the darling "Mary," too.

And "Mary" was the gracious word
That cheered the Magdalene, forlorn,
When first she hailed our risen Lord
Upon that blessed Easter morn.

Alas! that men should her confound
With one defiled by wilful sin;
Though Satan had her body bound,
Her soul was pure and clean within.

Such character tradition dare not soil;
 For noblest type of womankind was she,
 Christ's wants she met, amid his daily toil,
 In Judah's land and far off Galilee.

Of her, as chiefest of her sex, we say,
 Who knew best how to serve and hear and
 pray,
 "Not she with trait'rous lips the Saviour
 stung,
 Not she denied Him with unholy tongue,
 She, when Apostles shrank, could danger
 brave,
 Last at the cross and earliest at the grave."



THE TWO OCTOBER FUNERALS.

Miss Elizabeth Cort died, October 13. and Mrs. Sue. S. Cort
 died, October 27. 1865 at Irwin, Pa.

OCTOBER winds are sighing
 The Autumn's funeral wail;
 O'er two fresh graves are lying
 The clodlets of the vale.

Two weeks ago a maiden
 Was brought by weeping train;
 The zephyrs now are laden
 With notes of grief again.

By mourning friends another
Is borne on sable bier;
A youthful wife and mother
Now claims the parting tear.

Each form to dust returneth,
And moulders 'neath the sod;
Each soul in rapture burneth
Before the throne of God.

Their spirits were united
In bonds of Christian love,
And angels good delighted
To carry them above.

No seasons now of sadness
Shall fill with tears their eyes;
They roam with joy and gladness
The fields of Paradise.

No more these sisters wander
Amid the scenes of earth;
But still we love to ponder
O'er such departed worth.

'Tis sad that hearts so youthful
So soon should cease to beat;
'Tis well that lives so truthful
Should have an end so meet.

While Nature now is weeping
O'er withered leaf and flower,
We mourn the sisters sleeping,
Yet hail the rising hour.

These bodies shall not perish,
They'll rise in glory then,
As flowers in beauty flourish
When Spring comes back again.

Then weep no more bereaved,
They've left this vale of tears,
And both are now relieved
From trials of coming years.

We'll grieve no more, my brother,
Our loss to them is gain;
They've joined our sainted mother
On Heaven's eternal plain.

The sisters, gentle hearted,
So fond, so good and true,
With all the dear departed
There wait our coming, too.

Then seek in faith and meekness
The mansions of the blest,
Where Christ, our strength in weakness,
Doth give the weary rest.

THE IDES OF MARCH.

A BIRTHDAY ODE—Read March 15, 1879, by Rev. Cyrus Cort on the 50th anniversary of his friend, Rob't H. Todd, and the 45. anniversary of his own birth, at a social gathering in Iowa.

THE martial month has come at last,
When mailed legions took the field
And warriors heard the bugle blast
And patriots vowed to never yield.
The last of Winter, first of Spring;
The sport of sunshine and of storm,
What changing moods thy cycles bring
With birds and flowers and war's alarm.

Then flashed the torrents in the sun,
Then slipped their leash the dogs of war,
Then life with death the gauntlet run,
When Mars bestrode his fiery car.
Alas! that man should be ingrate,
That he should mar the work of God;
Destroy his kind and desolate
The fairest paths his feet have trod.

The Ides of March again is here,
With mem'ries kind and mem'ries stern;
A time of hope, a time of fear,
We hail this fated day's return.
The day that saw brave Cæsar die,

The foremost man of all his time,
"And thou, Oh! Brutus," hear him cry
As broke his heart at Brutus' crime.

"The noblest Roman of them all"
Had joined the fierce assassin band,
He heeded not brave Cæsar's call,
He sought to free his native land.
This Ides of March, this fated day,
Beheld the mighty Cæsar fall,
And love and friendship cast away
When Brutus heeded Freedom's call.

Two thousand years had well nigh fled
And Freedom found in distant lands,
The home she sought when Cæsar bled
And fell beneath assassin hands.
But freedom can alone endure
Where patriots guard her vestal fires;
Where men are brave and women pure,
Such were our mothers and our sires.

Ambition, Freedom's deadly foe,
With serpent trail profaned the shrine
Of liberty and law, when lo!
There came the needed help divine.
One Ides of March, that noted morn,
That oft had heard the voice of fate,
A hero and a sage was born
To guide and guard the Ship of State.

A man of Cæsar's war-like mould,
With iron will and heart of oak,
Was Jackson in the days of old,
He warded off the traitor stroke.
Secession bared her arm in vain,
Old Hickory vowed by Him on High,
This land shall not be rent in twain,
Nor shall this Union ever die.

We hail the day that gave him birth,
This Ides of March, so big with fate,
Gave us this man of sterling worth
To save and guide the Ship of State.
Oh! would that all who see the light,
Upon this self-same natal day,
Might serve the cause of truth and right
As did the Hero of our lay.

But we are come our thanks to raise
And not Imperial Cæsar's arch;
The great and blessed Lord we praise
For birth upon the Ides of March.
A half a century has fled,
Since Robert saw his day of birth,
And five and forty years have sped
Since I beheld the light of earth.

A kindly Providence, we own,
The currents of our life hath blest,
They started in the old Keystone

And still keep flowing in the West.
Now let our hearts adore the Power
That shielded all these trying years
And guarded since their natal hour
These lives amid their hopes and fears.

All praise! Thou ever blessed God,
All that is good we owe to Thee,
Since first our feet the earth have trod,
All that we are or hope to be.
Our sun has passed the mid-day hour,
Old age comes creeping on apace,
But, strong in faith's all-conquering power,
We trust the Saviour's matchless grace.

A mighty Captain leads our host,
Columbia's sons, and ancient Rome,
Such victor's crown could never boast
As Jesus gives when we go home.
For hid in him our life shall rise,
A crown of glory is the prize,
The pearly gates shall greet our eyes
And death will open Paradise.

MY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

March 15. 1884.

THE Ides have come and time has flown
Till half a decade more is gone;
I'm fifty, fifty years to-day!
How swift the years do speed away!

No more the Hawkeye plains I roam,
The good old Keystone holds my home;
The lofty mountains rise to view,
Where dwelt of yore my brown eyed Sue.

The grand old mountains now I hail
And Cumberland's enchanting vale;
Here beats my heart with youthful pride,
For here I wooed and won my bride,

And here amid these scenes forsooth
My heart would fain renew its youth,
Would hold Apollo's courses back
As Joshua stayed his shining track.

But Tempus fugit, yes, it flies!
My Sun doth crimson Western skies,
The Zenith passed, it speeds along,
As doth a racer swift and strong.

And shirk or shun it as we may,
The night doth haste to close the day,
And quickly ends the brittle span
That God hath granted mortal man.

But when it sets (our earthly sun)
The reign of glory is begun;
Time ends, but O! the blessed truth,
There dawns for us immortal youth.

In Christ we live and never faint,
No earthly ill, or sad complaint,
Shall mar the peace, the joy, the rest
Of hearts in Him forever blest.

What matters then the grief or pain,
To live is Christ, to die is gain;
The hand that shuts our earthly eyes
Doth ope the gates of Paradise.

Then let the years go swiftly by,
We seek our Father's house on high;
Our Sun shall make a golden set
And rise in bliss and glory yet.

Our hearts now grapple fondly fast
The friends of present time and past;
Ye, whom we know, so well and long,
We greet you with a Birthday Song.



Ye friends we hail so true and tried,
On mountain, hill or prairie wide,
Afar and near so brave and warm
In days of sunshine and of storm.

But chief of all and welcome guest,
We greet of earthly friends the best,
The bosom friend of college days,
And faithful friend of manhood's ways.

Old Mars was erst a stormy god,
And paths of conflict we have trod;
We hung the banner on the wall,
But always heeded duty's call.

The rule of falsehood and of wrong
Must find in us a foeman strong;
Sweet peace we love but better far,
Than truth should yield, have bitter war.

The Prince of Peace, whose praise we sing,
Himself hath said, "A sword I bring;"
The sword of truth must conquer sin
Before the reign of peace comes in.

For not on earth is rest or peace
But where the wicked troublers cease;
And here is work for you and me,
But there the song of jubilee.

ON THE TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY OF SARAH AGNES.

December 6. 1895.

A SCORE of years ago to-day
On Western prairies, far away,
Rejoicing filled a pastor's home
To see a little daughter come.

She came, amid the Winter snow,
When chill Norwesters fiercely blow;
But hearts were warm and spirits bright
To greet her that December night.

Then Paul and Brose were glad, I ween,
To hail the little household Queen;
When told the news at morning call.
"Is baby sister a girl?" said Paul,

As pure as snow shall be her name,
Like hers* who sought the higher aim
And strove to win the heavenly prize,
To wed the Groom beyond the skies.

A **Princess, too, she ought to be,
Like her in tent beneath the tree,†

* See Tennyson's *St. Agnes Eve*.

** Genesis 17: 15.

† Genesis 18.

Who helped her lord,† on Mamre's plain;
The angel§ band to entertain.

Oh, Sarah Agnes! Princess pure,
Let faith and hope and love endure;
Let word and works as sweetly blend,
As in the life of God's own Friend.§§



GOLDEN WEDDING OF SIMON CORT ESQ. AND SOPHIA CORT,

NEAR DENVER COLORADO, ON CHRISTMAS DAY 1884.

IT was a merry Christmas day,
Despite the wintry snow,
In old Westmoreland, far away,
Just fifty years ago.

A happy pair stood side by side
And plighted troth divine.
A young man, with his blooming bride,
Then stood at Hymen's shrine.

A Christmas gift as rich and rare
As mortals could bestow;
Each gave to each, that happy pair,
A heart with love aglow.

† 1 Pet. 3: 6.

§ Heb. 13: 2.

§§ James 2: 23.

O, priceless jewel of the soul!
O, fount of earthly bliss!
That filleth up the golden bowl,
Of human happiness.

The raven locks are snowy white,
The eyes are feebler grown,
But changeless still, Oh blessed sight!
The HEART no change hath known.
The vows they made in youth, I ween,
At merry Christmas tide,
Have ne'er grown weak or dim between
The old man and his bride.

Though far removed from childhood's home
To where the Rockies raise
Their peaks against the azure dome,
The Lord hath blest their days.
The wife a fruitful vine hath been
And round the family tree
Their childrens' children now convene
To keep the jubilee.

O, happy Golden Wedding Day,
O, blessed Christmas tide!
For heaven's richest gifts we pray
To bless the groom and bride,
And may their earthly sun go down
Upon a golden shore;
A harp of gold and golden crown
Be theirs forevermore.

A GOLDEN WEDDING ODE.

In honor of the 50th anniversary of the marriage of Hon. Daniel Cort
of Zwingle, Iowa, to Miss Sarah Buchman in Westmoreland
Co. Pa., May 28. 1835.

'T WAS in the glad transition time
When gentle Spring to Summer
turns,

When thoughts of poets run to rhyme
And youth with loving ardor burns;
When winds are soft and skies are clear,
Just near the close of merry May,
The meetest month of all the year,
Our nuptial vows to pledge and pay;

On old Westmoreland's verdant hills,
Where gallant men and maidens fair
Are wont to dwell 'mid sparkling rills
And fertile fields and balmy air;
'Mid blooming flowers and singing birds
The lovers joined their eager hands
And spake with joy the sealing words
That bound their lives in marriage bands.

Full fifty years have come and gone,
Those youthful heads are frosty now,
And yet the flame of love burns on
As when they gave their nuptial vow.

True love doth never chill with age,
It knows no Winter in its years,
It warms the blood of hoary sage
And wipes away the briny tears.

O blessed bond of Sacred Love,
O purest Gem of priceless worth,
The richest boon from Heaven above,
It makes a Paradise of earth;
It makes the toiler's burden light,
It soothes the sorrow-laden heart,
It puts our coward fears to flight,
It takes from pain its bitter smart.

Sweet bond of love! Sweet month of May!
Dispense your richest fragrance now
To bless the Golden Wedding Day,
And seal anew the marriage vow.
All hail the day of jubilee,
A day of sunshine and of song,
When Daniel C. and Sarah B.
Gave heart for heart the whole life long.

Oh friends upon the prairie wide!
In fondest terms congratulate,
Make glad the heart of Groom and Bride,
Ye kindred of the Hawkeye State!
The homestead shall with joy resound
As generations two or three,

Like olive plants, now gather 'round,
And join the Golden Jubilee.

We greet you from the Keystone soil,
Forefathers home, forefathers pride!
Where long they lived in honest toil
And where in peace and love they died,
Though distant far from native heath,
More precious still than tongue can tell,
Oh cherish well their martyr faith,
The faith our fathers loved so well.

We greet the Groom and Bride to-day,
And look in hope beyond the sea;
We yearn for an eternal May,
A gladder, grander jubilee;
A home and rest without alloy,
Where love is always pure and strong,
And millions chant with Heavenly joy
A sweeter Golden Wedding Song.



THE SILVER WEDDING OF ABNER AND EMMA CORT.

March 21, 1898. At Latrobe, Pa.

DO you ask me? Do you wonder?
Whence this gathering, this commotion?

I will answer, I will tell you,
Five and twenty years this couple
Lived and loved and worked together
In the bonds of matrimony.

'Mid the days of pleasant sunshine,
In the dark and stormy weather,
They have kept the troth they plighted
When, to love and keep and cherish,
Each to each the preacher promised
As they stood at Hymen's altar.

See the blessed fruits of marriage
Hang around the loving couple;
Olive plants the family garden
Richly bless and sweetly brighten.
Sons and daughters, even triplets,
Bind the parents' hearts together
In the bonds of true affection

Like the arrows of the mighty,
Thus are children, saith the Bible,
Blest are they with well-filled quiver,
They are favored of Jehovah.

Come, ye kindred friends and neighbors,
Come ye, all good Christian people,
Celebrate again the marriage,
Let the silver wedding greetings
Cheer the heart of bride and bridegroom.

Five and twenty years have floated
Down the Stream of Time, so fleeting;
Heads are growing yearly whiter,
Faces showing deeper wrinkles,
Forms to Winter blasts are bending.

But the bonds of true affection,
In the heart of man and woman,
Grow the sweeter and the stronger
As the years go on increasing.

May they live and love and labor
Till the silver wedding echoes
Change to golden jubilations.

May their last days be their best ones,
Help them, Lord, to live and labor,
Faithful evêr to each other
And to Thee, the blessed Saviour,
That they both may find a welcome
At the Lamb's great Marriage Supper
In the land and life eternal.

UNCLE JOHN DUNCAN'S BIRTHDAY.

WE come to greet you, Uncle John,
Your natal day again is here,
You've rounded out the seventy-one,
This day begins another year.

Your daughter, sister, brothers, all
Have come to share your birthday cheer,
With sons and daughters, large and small,
From hills and valleys, far and near.

Though many faces, many forms
Have come to swell the festive train,
Each heart with joy and gladness warms,
Oft may your birthday come again.

Deal gently, gracious Lord, we pray,
Deal gently with our Uncle John;
A green old age be his, we say,
And golden be his setting sun.
Columbus Junction, Iowa, Jan. 7, 1879.



SANTA CLAUS TO P. AND A.

New Year 1883.

YOU want to hear from Santa Claus,
He will not stop, and why? Because
You've not been just such first rate
boys,
And then you made unearthly noise.

As I was down the chimney popping
And when I thought somewhat of stopping,
You got up such a fearful clatter;
Mother's pot lids you did batter,
And disturbed the slumbering people
From the garret near the steeple.

If you want gifts, my Master Paul,
You must obey your mother's call;
If you want any, Master Brose,
Take better care of your new clothes.
Yea, thankful be for what you've got
Before you seek another lot.

Good-bye, my lads, on next New Year
I hope to come with better cheer.

Greencastle, Pa.



CHRISTMAS 1891.

THE Christmas time was drawing near,
The sweetest, gladdest of the year,
When hearts grow warm in others joy
And earth yields peace with least alloy.

The pastor in his study sat
And quietly mused on this and that,
The holidays are just at hand
And we will have a jolly band.

* * * * *

We'll have a merry Christmas tide
With all the children by my side,
The lofty Paul and Ambrose gay,
With Agnes dear and Ralph Bouquet.

"There's many a slip, 'twixt cup and lip"
And now steps in the monster, Grip,
To mar the time of all the year,
When hearts should bound with gladsome
cheer.

With wheezing cough and aching chest,
The monster did his very best
To taint with gross and vile alloy,
The purest gold of Christmas joy.

But man above the flesh can rise,
 A spirit draws beyond the skies;
 And spite of grip and body ills
 Our hearts with Christmas rapture thrills.

The son of Mary and of God
 Brings joy wherever man hath trod,
 Our mortal frames forget their aches
 When on our ears the "Gloria" breaks.

The song is old, but ever new;
 And best of all, forever true,
 That angels sang on Judah's plains,
 The Christ is come, the Saviour reigns.

Oh, Song of songs, with glad acclaim,
 We join the choir of Bethlehem;
 Bright morning star, with raptured gaze
 We hail thy dawn, Oh Day of days.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL. 1888.

TUNE—"The Morning Light is Breaking."

HE comes! the blessed Jesus,
 From Heaven's glorious throne,
 He doth from sin release us
 And claims us as His own—

From earthly habitations
He drives away the gloom,
The great Desire of Nations,
And victor o'er the tomb.

Now hark! ye shepherds, feeding
Your flocks on Bethlehem plains,
Give ear to Gabriel leading
The glad angelic strains.
Be peace on earth! that sighest
In Satan's bondage sore,
Be glory, in the Highest,
To God forevermore!

Oh, see! the Heavenly stranger
Within a stable lies,
He shares the cattle's manger,
The Sovereign of the skies.
Go, shepherds! bow before Him,
The anthem loud prolong;
Oh come, wise men! adore Him
And join the angel song.

Ye children! sing Hosanna!
To David's kingly Son,
The Bread of Life, true manna,
He brings for every one,
To us the Son is given,
As prophets did foretell,

The Heir of highest Heaven,
Comes down on earth to dwell.

This Gift of gifts to cherish
Our Father hath sent down,
To save us lest we perish
And give to each a crown.
Oh, sing, ye blessed mortals!
With sweet and glad acclaim;
Rejoice, ye heavenly portals!
Ye angels, bless His name.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(Written for Infant Class of the Reformed Sunday School, 1839.)

(1.)

"MY heart's a little temple,
And Jesus will come in,
To keep it pure and holy,
And free from every sin;
But I will have to ask Him
Each day in earnest prayer,
For He will never enter
Unless I want Him there."

(2.)

Oh come thou blessed Jesus,
And guide each thought and deed;
Where grow the heavenly pastures
My willing footsteps lead.
Though once within a manger
Thy precious body lay,
We hail Thee, King, forever,
In realms of endless day.

(3.)

To Thee a royal welcome
The little children sang;
With sweet and glad Hosannas
The Jewish temple rang.
All hail! Thou son of David
And Son of God divine,
Oh make my heart Thy temple,
Yea make it wholly thine.

(4.)

From mouths of babes and sucklings,
There came the sweetest praise,
Amid the rage of rulers,
In ancient Jewish days.
Oh help me now to worship,
And make my heart thy home;
Oh haste thy second Advent,
And come, Lord Jesus, come!

OPENING HYMN.

For S. S. Picnic, Sept. 6. 1876. St. Pauls Cong. near Maquoketa, Iowa.

I N Judah's land, in days of yore,
Thus sweetly sang the poet King,
The vales with corn are cover'd o'er
They shout for joy, they also sing.
[Ps. 65:13.]

Let Nature's powers our anthem swell,
And all creation join the song;
Let woodland slope and grassy dell
Our heavenly Father's praise prolong.

For He is great and He is good,
He leads His people like a flock,
He guards them well and gives them food,
He sets their feet upon a rock.
[Ps. 77:20.]

How well He acts the shepherd's part!
The lambs He gathers with His arm,
He folds them to His loving heart,
[Isa. 11:40.]
Them keeps from evil and from harm.

Here in the shady grove, O God,
To Thee our grateful hymn we raise;
The verdant hills, the grand old wood
Shall echo back our song of praise.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.



CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

OH fearful scene! Oh dreadful hour!
The tempest breaks on Galilee;
The Prince of darkness now has power,
His demons fill the air and sea.

A found'ring ship, a frightened crew
Are wildly tost by wind and wave;
All hope has fled, when lo! to view
Appears the Captain strong to save.

Disciples seek the hinder ship,
Good Master save us, hear them cry,
We perish in the angry deep,
And car'st Thou not to see us die?

Oh faithless ones, the Master chides,
Why fear ye when your Lord is nigh?
Messiah in the vessel rides,
I rule the earth, the sea, the sky.

He rose and, while the demons fill
The air and sea with horrid yell,
He speaks majestic "Peace, be still,"
And drives their legions back to hell.

He spake, 'twas done, how changed the scene!
The storm Fiend flees, his demons cower;
All Nature wears a gentler mien
And owns the second Adam's power.

Sweet peace prevails, the storm is o'er
That shook the ship and hearts of men,
The frightened seamen quail no more,
The winds and waves are calm again.

Now, rescued from the dark abyss,
We hear the awed disciples say,
What marv'lous Son of man is this
Whom even winds and seas obey?

That man is Jesus Christ, our Lord,
He came to save us from the fall;
The devils quail before His word,
Oh crown Him King and Lord of all!

As Noah's ark outrode the flood,
That ship attained the sought-for shore,
The Church hath all her foes withstood,
For Jesus guards her evermore.

Oh ever look, ye tempest-tost,
To Him who stilled the stormy sea;
He came to seek and save the lost,
He lives to succor you and me.

Thou Captain true, Thou Hero strong,
Ruler of hearts and angry seas,
Be Thou our Guide, our Help, our Song,
Thou ever-blessed Prince of peace!



PALM SUNDAY AND ASCENSION.

WITH steadfast face the Master goes
To Salem mid His vengeful foes,
The Great High Priest and Spotless Lamb,
While thousands wave the Victor's palm.

Hosanna! rings the welcome song,
All hail! Messiah promised long,
Hosanna! David's kingly Heir
Now seeks the Father's House of prayer.

He comes, all hearts to bless and save,
The people hail! while rulers rave,
The children make the temple ring,
All hail! to Irsael's blessed King!

The hypocrites and brokers gnash,
They get rebuke and feel His lash;
But every true and upright soul
Doth meekly bow to His control.

The earthly Salem scoffs in pride
To see Messiah meekly ride,
His heart is filled with boding gloom,
He weeps at her approaching doom.

The heav'nly host expectant waits,
Lift up your heads, ye pearly gates
And let the King of Glory in,
The Victor over death and sin.

Hosanna to the eternal son!
He fought the fight—the battle won,
All Heaven's courts with triumph rings,
Hosanna to the King of kings!

Jerusalem below may sneer
To see the lowly Christ appear;
But King of Glory, God of love!
Resounds Jerusalem above.

Our Saviour paid the precious price,
A life of loving sacrifice,
And faith alone that works by love
Can bring us to our home above.

Oh, let the New Jerusalem
Bring forth her royal diadem,
Let saints and angels swell the song
With golden harps His praise prolong.

The King of saints and angels too,
Let all the good, the brave, the true,
Who stand on Heaven's eternal shore,
Adore their King forevermore!

~~— ❧ — ❧ — ❧ —~~

"FAREWELL TO SCOTT."

On the Death of a Faithful Family Horse.

LET others sing of heroes brave,
Or man's most gallant deed;
I tune my harp in lower strain
To praise a noble steed.

Our Scott is dead, the grand old horse
Shall tune my mournful song;
How oft' o'er mountain, hill and dale
He bore us safe along!

With heart as stout as forest oak,
And sinews strong as steel,
He met and mastered every task
And never missed a meal.

A white and open face had he
And coat of chestnut brown ;
We never saw him flinch or balk
Though often loaded down

A dozen years he served us well
On Pennsylvania soil,
Two years on Delawarean sands
He bore his daily toil.

With good horse sense so well endowed
And spirit brave and strong,
He did his work without a shirk
We all shall miss him long.

On winter nights the sleighing van
With nimble feet he led,
And funeral trains on mourning days
With grave and solemn tread.

In grassy nook and deep, wide grave
His mouldering body lies ;
No carrion bird shall rend his flesh
Or mar his dark brown eyes.

Farewell, our dear old friend, your name
Shall never be forgot,
Our family lore shall often tell
Of strong and faithful Scott.

THAT VISION OF PEACE AT THE HAGUE.

(Lines suggested by the petition of the women of Holland to
Queen Victoria.)

SURPASSINGLY fair was that vision of
of peace
That brightened the pathway of nations
so late;
It seemed as tho' wars and bloodshed would
cease
And rulers pursue what is good and is great.

How sweet were the words of the Netherland
queen!
So young and so lovely, when the Peace Con-
gress met;
Our swords let us change to plows, said good
Wilhelmene,
No longer with blood the soil of nations be wet.
No longer the wail of the widow and orphan be
heard
Lamenting the fall of husband and father in
war;
But "Peace on the earth and good will;" all
hearts shall be stirred
With songs of the angels to cheer and Beth-
lehem's star.

Alas! that vision of beauty and blessing has flown,
Not yet shall swords to plow-shares be turned,
Not yet shall mankind sit under vines of their
own,
With none to molest, and the song of good
angels be learned.

For peace on the earth and good will to mankind,
The dream that ennobled the Congress of
Hague,
Must now be forgotten or banished from mind,
And peans be sung to the monster and plague;
To war, the red demon, they raise loudly the
strain;
To war, that has cursed the earth with number-
less woes
Since righteous Abel by cruel brother was slain;
To war, which makes closest of kin the fiercest
of foes!

Alas! that Victoria's good reign, so happy and
long,
Should end amid scenes of bloodshed and war;
Alas! that angelic strains of Bethlehem's song
Should be stifled 'mid shrieks of mangled
Briton and Boer.

Good Queen, give heed to the prayers of the
Netherland wives,
Who plead for their kinsfolk on African soil;

Oh, pity the families of soldiers whose lives
Are lost in the battle and trenches and moil.

And ere for that better land, good Queen, you
embark

Make war between Christian peoples to cease;
Yea, let the white winged dove re-enter the ark,
Bring back that vision of beauty and peace.

Then sweet to your rest your soul shall depart,
When life's fitful fever is ended and o'er;
No pang of remorse will sadden your heart,
Good angels will guide to the evergreen shore.



COMPENSATION.

"TIS better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."
Yea better on the billows tost
Than never hear the ocean's call.

'Tis better far to join the host
Of those who fight and bravely fall,
At sacred duty's dangerous post,
Than never to have fought at all.

These are the spirits true and strong
That make the world fit place to be,

These are the hearts that tune the song
Of blissful immortality.

The springs that on the mountain rise
And swiftly to the ocean course
Come back again in cloudy skies,
So love will bless its fontal source.

Though objects loved make no return,
And ears are dull and hearts are cold,
Or loved ones heed us but to spurn,
True love will gleam as purest gold.

It cheers and glorifies the heart
Of him who loves mid gloom and night,
As streams return to where they start,
Far up along the mountain height.

It brings a rich return, in truth,
As years on years successive roll,
The richest dower, immortal youth,
To every faithful loving soul

But blest, yea doubly blest are you,
Whose spirit meets a rich return,
Who finds a maiden, kind and true,
When hearts with mutual ardor burn.

Yea loving hearts should blend in one
And find a common destiny,
As mountain streams together run,
To cheer the earth and join the sea.

TRUSTING IN THE LORD.

MY times are in Thy hands,
Thou knowest, Father, what is best;
I'll follow Thy command
And on Thy gracious promise rest.

For Thou wilt never leave,
To wander hopelessly astray,
The hearts that fondly cleave,
In trust to Thee, by night and day.

Lead on until the goal
I reach and grasp the victor's prize;
Give joy and strength of soul
And rest, at last, in Paradise.

January 12. 1893.

APPENDIX.

Note A.

RESPONSE TO THE BLUE JUNIATA.

The Juniata is a beautiful river formed by the union of three Alleghany mountain streams which unite near Huntingdon, Pa.

Whether we follow the Bedford County branch, the Blair County branch or the Centre County branch, the Juniata is a lovely stream often flowing through wild and romantic scenery.

The song of the "Blue Juniata" was written by Mrs. Marian Dix Sullivan, a daughter of Col. Timothy Dix and a sister of Gen. John A. Dix, and wife of a son of General Sullivan of Revolutionary fame.

Having frequent occasion to travel along the main stream and its several branches while residing at Altoona, Pa., as missionary pastor of Christ Reformed Church, in the summer of 1865, I had ample opportunity of noticing the enthusiastic admiration evoked by the appearance of the river on all classes of travelers.

And at the bottom of all this enthusiasm was the refrain of the gay mountain song of Alfarata, the Indian maiden. The fertile fancy of Mrs. Sullivan had clothed the beautiful river with pathetic interest by linking it to the departed race of red men who once loved and hunted amid the primeval forests that shaded its banks.

Wedded, as the song was, to a sweet and simple melody, it was a universal favorite, fifty years ago, and its echoes, as sung by loved ones that long since crossed another river, still linger among our fondest memories. General Sherman was very fond of it and it was frequently played by the military bands in the famous march from Atlanta to the Sea.

This response was written with the hope, expressed at its first publication, that it would afford a moiety of the pleasure given to thousands by the sentimental stanzas that called it forth. That this hope has been realized there is abundant evidence at hand. It has been published in many papers and magazines, often anonymously, it has been highly praised by such competent authority as Prof. Wm. M. Nevin and Mrs. Margaretta Junkin Preston, the sweet singer of the valley of Virginia.

It forms a prominent part in school exhibitions and teachers' institutes along the Juniata.

It was written in the summer of 1865 and first published in the Guardian, then edited by Dr. Henry Harbaugh, March, 1866, at the earnest solicitation of my student friend, Calvin Thatcher, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Colorado.

I have added three stanzas from another poem (Bedford Musings) because they help to emphasize and express the thought uppermost in my mind when I wrote the "Response," viz., that it might afford pleasure to readers and cultivate a love of nature and ideal sentiment in the midst of our bustling, mammon worshipping age. For the illustration I am indebted to the Penna. R. R. Men's News, edited by Wm. B. Wilson, in which it appeared March, 1895.

Note B.**THE FLIGHT OF THE BYERLYS — 1763.**

Andrew Byerly located in Lancaster, Pa., at a very early date. He was a native of Germany and a baker by trade. His first wife having died, he married Beatrice Guldin, a native of the Canton of Berne in Switzerland. His name appears as purchaser of a lot on North Queen street, near Centre Square, Oct. 25, 1745. It also appears in Reformed Church Records with his wife as sponsors for children baptised between Feb. 3, 1745, and Feb. 4, 1753, by pastors Schnorr, Vock and Otterbein, respectively.

In 1755 Byerly appears at Fort Cumberland, Md., baking for the British army there assembled under General Braddock. Here with Major George Washington as backer, he won a wager of 20 shillings in a foot race with a Catawba Indian warrior.

Afterwards he became baker for the British garrison at Fort Bedford, Pa., where his son Jacob was born in 1760. During 1759 he was granted a tract of land on Bushy Run. Here he established a relay station between Fort Pitt and Fort Ligonier, where express riders exchanged horses in their perilous trips between frontier posts and forts. Here he was located with his family when the Pontiac war of 1763-4 suddenly broke out like a clap of thunder in a clear sky.

In a letter of Capt. S. Ecuyer from Fort Pitt to Col. Henry Bouquet, written May 29, 1763, he mentions the great danger encompassing Byerly and his family at Bushy Run and the warning that unless they left their house within four days they would all be murdered.

Whilst the father was absent from home, helping to bury some massacred pioneer settlers, his wife received

the final word of warning at dead of night from a friendly Indian whom she had previously befriended. What occurred in quick succession is almost literally described in the verses on "The Flight of the Byerlys," etc., as well as in my book on "Col. Henry Bouquet and His Campaigns of 1763-4," published in 1883.

Mr. Byerly died during a visit to Lancaster County, Pa., just previous to the Revolution, and was buried at Strassburg. His widow was obliged to seek shelter in Old Fort Walthour with her family during the Revolutionary war. She afterwards married an Englishman named Lord. With the help of Mrs. Harmon and others she conducted a Sunday School for the benefit of children, cooped up in that frontier blockhouse. She was much in demand in time of sickness. Three of her sons, Michael, Jacob and Frank, married three of Mrs. Harmon's daughters. Mrs. Harmon's maiden name was Lenhart. She was a native of Holland. Jacob Byerly enlisted in Col. John Gibson's 13th Virginia Volunteers when 17 years old and served in West Pennsylvania for three years in campaigns against Indians and Tories. He killed an Indian chief on an island in the Alleghany river in a campaign under Maj. Hardin in 1779.

The picture of Kukyuskung was obtained through the kindness of Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, publishers of a life of Conrad Weiser. He was a bad Indian and strove to thwart the efforts of Weiser in making treaties with the Indians over whom the interpreter had great influence, until his lamented death in 1760. After Weiser's death, Kukyuskung and kindred spirits were more successful in stirring up strife. He was a ringleader in the massacre of Col. Clapham and other frontier settlers inaugurating the Pontiac wars.

He was one of the boldest and fiercest savages in assaulting the jaded troops of Col. Bouquet. Standing behind a large tree, he bellowed out vulgar threats in broken English during the terrible night of Aug. 5-6, 1763, when the wearied troops were enduring agonies of thirst in guarding their wounded comrades. The most gratifying result to Bouquet and his gallant soldiers, in connection with the decisive bayonet charge of Aug. 6, was the destruction of Kukyuskung and his most bloodthirsty followers. It is a happy coincidence that the little boy whose questionings led to the writing of this poem is a descendant of Conrad Weiser in the seventh generation through his maternal grandmother.



Note C.

THE MASSACRE OF ENOCH BROWN,

The massacre of Enoch Brown, a worthy schoolmaster and ten scholars in a log school house, July 26, 1764, a few miles northwest of Greencastle, Pa., by Indians, was, as the historian Parkman has stated, an act unmatched in fiendlike atrocity during all the savage horrors of that dreadful Pontiac war.

After master and scholars lay buried in a common but unmarked grave for 121 years, the schools and public-spirited citizens of Franklin County, Pa., at the instance of the Centennial convention of 1884, erected a monument 17 feet high of Concord granite over the site of the school house, and one of smaller dimensions over the site of their common grave.

The poem relating to the massacre was written to

stir up an interest in the monumental project and helped to bring it to a successful consummation. The last two stanzas were engraved on the south side of the monument by order of the memorial committee. Mrs. Martha Jenkins Nevin, wife of Rev. Dr. John W. Nevin, and others sent very liberal contributions, after reading the poem in the *Guardian*, where it first appeared, and from which it was afterwards copied into Cumberland Valley papers.

It was a great gratification to the writer, as chairman of the Enoch Brown memorial committee, to be able to dedicate the monuments, for whose erection he had previously pleaded, in presence of a vast assemblage, Aug. 4, 1885. He served nine years as chairman of the memorial committee, and left a handsome sum permanently invested for repairs, etc. For full particulars, dedication addresses, etc., see "Memorials of Enoch Brown and Scholars."



Note D.

BRIGADIER HENRY BOUQUET

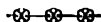
Brigadier Henry Bouquet died of yellow fever at Pensacola, Sept. 2, 1765, ten days after his arrival at that post to which he was directed to proceed by the British government immediately after his promotion as Brigadier General for distinguished services on the Western frontiers.

The exact location of his grave is unknown, notwithstanding very earnest efforts of Adjutant General R. C. Drum and Major General W. S. Hancock to locate it, in response to enquiries of the writer in the Spring of 1883.

Note E.**MICHAEL SCHLATTER.**

Michael Schlatter was the organizer of the Reformed Churches in the United States in 1747, and chaplain of Col. Bouquet's Royal American Regiment (now the 60th Rifles in British service), which rendered invaluable service in guarding the wilderness frontiers from Carlisle to Detroit, from 1758 to 1765. He was also first Superintendent of Public Instruction in Pennsylvania, and enjoyed the confidential friendship and esteem of leading public men in provincial days, such as Provost Wm. Smith, Dr. Benj. Franklin, Col. Conrad Weiser, old Dr. Muhlenberger, etc. The Potomac Synod of the "Reformed Churches in the United States" held sesqui-centennial memorial services in honor of Father Schlatter at its annual meeting in Hagerstown, October, 1897.

The memorial addresses of Revs. Dr. C. Cort and E. R. Eschbaugh and of General John E. Roller of Virginia were published in pamphlet form. The poem was used as a recitation in many Sunday Schools of the Reformed Church and formed part of the Sesqui-centennial Schlatter Memorial Service issued by the Reformed Sunday School Board in 1897.

**Note F.****THE SHENANDOAH 1862-1888.**

The lines under the above title give a correct description of the situation and discussions with various citizens in the vicinity of Woodstock, Va., during my visit of three weeks in the spring of 1862, in company

with a fellow-student, M. H. Hockman, a native of that locality. This visit took place a few weeks after my betrothal. Although Virginia voted against secession by a majority of 60,000 and the great body of Virginia people, including the three greatest generals of the Confederacy, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Joseph E. Johnson were bitterly opposed to secession, yet in the end they cast in their lot with their deluded countrymen of the Cotton States. The specious plea of State Rights misled thousands of brave and ardent spirits and brought disaster and desolation upon the South. Coupled with this was a low and inadequate conception of the spirit, courage and resources of the North. The Brigade of Muhlenberg in the Revolution, as well as the Stonewall Brigade and other valiant troops in the Confederate army were largely of German-Swiss descent. It was contrary to their interests and all their ancestral traditions that they should rush into fratricidal war against our constitutional government in a rash effort to perpetuate human slavery. In the end they felt the horrors of war above almost every other section and paid dearly for abetting the great rebellion. It was gratifying to meet children in 1888 of those whose hospitality I enjoyed in 1862 and to learn that their parents had frequently declared the outcome of the rebellion to be exactly what I foretold it would be at the beginning of the war, as stated in the poem.

~~30-00-00~~

Note G.

REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, D. D.,

Rev. Henry Harbaugh, D. D., Professor of Theology in the Reformed Church Seminary in Mercersburg, Pa., died Dec. 28, 1867. The following extract from

an article in the Mercersburg Review for April, 1868, by Rev. Thos. G. Apple, D. D., formed the basis on which the poem was based, which first appeared in the Guardian for June, 1868. The poem was admired by Dr. Philip Schaff, Dr. Apple and others. There is reference also to the fact that Dr. Harbaugh had written "The Sainted Dead," "The Heavenly Home," and "The Heavenly Recognition."

In the "Life of Dr. Harbaugh" by his son, Linn, I have given at some length my estimate of his worthy and lamented father. See pages 285, etc.

EXTRACT FROM DR. APPLE'S ARTICLE.

"No wonder," he said on awakening from what seemed an unconscious stupor, "that the early Church saw the blood of the Atonement even on the leaves of the trees." At another time, when roused from such a state, he said to a friend, "They have called me back from the golden gates." During intervals of consciousness, he spoke with calmness of his approaching end. Not many days before his death he remarked to the young friend who nursed him, "Some of these afternoons I will take my departure." When asked what he meant he replied that he would depart to the other world. His words were fulfilled. On an afternoon the last of the week, as the day began to merge into the shades of evening, he peacefully slept in Jesus. It was the good man's Saturday night. The weary work of life was done, the toil was ended and he rested from his labors to enter upon the enjoyment of "the eternal Sabbath."











